



No. 91.—VOL. VII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1894.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. RALSTON, DOUGLAS STREET, GLASGOW,
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The illness of the Czar and of the Ameer Abdur Rahman of Afghanistan are keenly discussed, involving, as they do, such possibilities of war or peace. The summoning of Professor Leyden to Livadia is accepted as proof of the serious condition of the Czar, and the postponement of Sir George White's tour of inspection proves that the Ameer's illness is regarded very seriously.—It is stated that no overtures for peace have been made by China to Japan.—It is announced that the Queen has conferred a Companionship of the Bath upon Dr. Jameson, Administrator for the British South Africa Company in Matabeleland and Mashonaland.—The verdict in the Chartham railway accident properly acquits those in charge of the train of blame, but many regret the omission of a "rider," recommending the compulsory abolition of the level crossings which make such catastrophes possible.—News of the death, yesterday, of Sir Alfred Stephen, G.C.M.G., C.B., at the age of ninety-two, reached London from Sydney. Sir Alfred was Solicitor-General of Tasmania at the early age of twenty-three, and during his long public career filled the highest offices in the colony, including the Lieutenant-Governorship of New South Wales, which he only resigned in 1891.—The funeral of Sir John Astley, the popular sporting baronet, took place at Elsham Churchyard, wreaths being sent by the Prince of Wales and many members of the aristocracy, and a memorial service was held in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks.—The *World* published a rumour to the effect that Mr. Gladstone contemplated offering himself as a candidate for Holy Orders next year. Mr. Gladstone promptly characterised the ridiculous assertion as quite untrue.—M. Antoine Sardou, father of Victorien Sardou, died on Sunday, at Cannes.

Wednesday.

Bad news of the Czar, but Professors Zakharin and Leyden are said to agree that there is no cancer. Concessions have been made in the "conversion" of Princess Alix, to expedite her marriage to the Czarevitch, the clause pronouncing her former religion "accursed" being waived.—The Ameer was reported dead by a Lahore paper, with circumstantial detail, including a dying exhortation to his son, Habib Ullah, to remain friendly with England.—The German Emperor and Empress, with other royal personages, nailed 132 new flags, the colours of the 4th battalions added to the infantry regiments by the new Military Bill, in the "Hall of Fame," at the Arsenal, Berlin.—Duchess Antoinette, the beautiful second wife of the Duke of Parma, gave birth to her seventh child. The Duke has also nine children by his first Duchess, Princess Maria Pia of Bourbon.—News arrived from Delagoa Bay of an alleged attack by Kaffirs upon Lorenzo Marquez, that local Portuguese are contemplating flight to Natal, and that British marines have been landed. The impression is that the Boers will resist an English attempt to take the Bay. The suggestion is premature, but worth noting.—Archbishop Benson writes a rather Laodicean letter on the School Board elections, in which he seems to advise the maintaining of the Compromise of 1871, stipulating that "religion"—the Christian religion—shall be taught. His Grace rather confirms the view of those who regard him as an ecclesiastical lath, painted to look like iron.—The late Colonel the Right Hon. John Sidney North was buried at Wroxton, near Banbury.—The Tory majority was reduced at Birkenhead, from 604, in 1892, to 106, Mr. Elliott Lees (C.) polling 6149, and Mr. W. H. Lever (L.) 6043. The election was due to the succession of Viscount Bury to the peerage as Earl of Albemarle.—Edison's "kinetoscope" was exhibited in London for the first time at 70, Oxford Street.—A farm of 129½ acres in Suffolk let by auction at £60 a year. Formerly it produced £200 a year.—Requiem services were performed in France at the Madeleine for M. Gounod, Verdi being among the congregation, and at the Château de la Forêt, near Orleans, for Marshal MacMahon.

Thursday.

It is denied that England has had its pacificatory suggestions on behalf of China rejected by Japan. The movement is alleged to have been purely tentative, and no definite reply has been given by the Japanese Government.—Symptoms of heart weakness are more pronounced in the Czar. The Grand Dukes and members of the Imperial Family are summoned to Livadia. The Corfu journey is abandoned.—The Hon. Hamilton Cuffe, C.B., is appointed Solicitor to the Treasury and Director of Public Prosecutions, in succession to Sir Augustus K. Stephenson.—Viscount Drumlanrig, eldest son of the Marquis of Queensberry, and Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, accidentally shot himself on the Quantock estate. Lord Drumlanrig was twenty-seven, a Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, unmarried, and formerly acted as private secretary to Lord Rosebery. Lord Drumlanrig piloted the "Children's Charter" successfully through the Upper House.—The Duke and Duchess of Westminster laid the foundation-stone of the large schoolroom, Ellesmere College, Shropshire.—The Duchess of Rutland, in opening the new buildings of the Midland Deaf and Dumb Institution at Derby, remarked that, although some considered the perfect woman a silent woman, there was but one opinion as to the advisability of enabling afflicted persons to do useful work.—The Rev. Arthur Thomas Lloyd, D.D., Vicar of St. Nicholas and Hon. Canon of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was consecrated as Bishop Suffragan of Thetford, and the Rev. Charles Owen Leaver Riley, Vicar of St. Paul's, Preston, as Bishop of Perth, Western Australia, at Westminster Abbey.—Dantzic conferred its freedom on Count Caprivi: the first city to pay him that honour.—Dr. Lauder Brunton delivered the Harveian Oration at the College of Physicians.—Commissioner Lucy Booth

married Colonel Emanuel Daniel Helberg at the Congress Hall, Clapton, of the Salvation Army. Bride and bridegroom wore Indian costume, and leave almost immediately to take up the Commissioner's work in India.

Friday.

The condition of the Czar is universally discussed. Princess Alix of Hesse is on her way to Livadia, and it is reported that her marriage to the Czarevitch will take place immediately, at the bedside of the dying Czar.—The Kaffir rising at Lorenzo Marquez continues to cause some uneasiness.—A letter from Sir Salter Pyne, the Englishman who has practically revolutionised the conditions of life in Afghanistan, dated Cabul, Oct. 13, reports a slight change for the better in the condition of the Ameer.—General anticipation has proved prophetic in the appointment of Sir Robert Threshie Reid to the post of Attorney-General, and of Mr. Frank Lockwood to that of Solicitor-General. Both appointments have given great satisfaction.—Mr. T. E. Ellis, Chief Ministerial Whip, speaking at Colwyn Bay, urged the necessity of the abolition of the House of Lords, and declared that as soon as the Government could pass through the House of Commons the details of the Newcastle Programme, it would appeal with confidence to the democracy of the country as to whether they were to be governed by their own representatives or by an irresponsible House.—The Mikado of Japan is reported to have said in a speech on the opening of the Japanese Parliament on the 17th, that he was greatly pained that China should have forgotten her duties in regard to the maintenance of peace in the East in conjunction with Japan.—It has transpired that on the day on which Viscount Drumlanrig was accidentally shot the announcement of his engagement to Miss Alix Ellis, third daughter of Major-General Ellis, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, was first publicly made.

Saturday.

Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, died at Salcombe, in South Devon, in his seventy-sixth year. Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, the youngest daughter of the Empress Frederick, gave birth to a son at Rumpenheim.—The news of the Czar sank from bad to worse during the day, but even now the most remarkable variations occur in regard to details, the one point upon which all reports agree being that death is imminent.—The Prince of Wales returned to Marlborough House from Wynyard Park, and at once called at the Russian Embassy for the latest bulletin from Livadia.—The inquest was held and the verdict given in the case of the sad fatality to Lord Drumlanrig. The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of "Accidental death."—The *Gaulois* says that a blockade of the ports of Madagascar will be necessary shortly. Italy has sent the armed vessel *Piemonte* to Madagascar to protect the lives and property of her citizens in the island. Meanwhile, England waits, possessing its soul in patience.—The Sino-Japanese War has, if report may be believed, entered upon a new phase, the Chinese claiming a victory on the Lower Yalu, the Japanese being repulsed with heavy losses.—The remarkable correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, "Prudes on the Prowl," came to an end, after eliciting some striking protests for and against the conduct of the Empire Theatre of Varieties.

Sunday.

Those who value patriotism above pills must rejoice that the anniversary of Trafalgar has fallen this year upon a Sunday. We did not decorate our statue of Nelson, but it was at least spared the usual week-night desecration of patent medicine advertisement.—Sir Benjamin W. Richardson—"Hygeia" Richardson—lectured at Langham Place, on "Muscle and Athletic Skill," under the auspices of the Sunday Lecture Society.—At the Prince of Wales's Theatre there was a meeting of theatre and music-hall employees to protest against the action of the Licensing Committee of the London County Council, and to rally round the banner of Mr. George Edwardes.—News comes from St. Petersburg to the effect that in the event of the death of the Ameer of Afghanistan a claim to his throne will be advanced by his cousin, Ishak Khan.—The latest information about the Czar is not calculated to relieve the general feeling of anxiety. While avoiding absolute definiteness of diagnosis, the bulletin received to-day is sufficiently clear to show that there is virtually no hope. "Strange features" are said to have manifested themselves in the case—an ambiguous expression which may or may not have a peculiarly sinister significance in a country like Russia.

Monday.

The value of technical education was doubly recognised at Westminster Town Hall, where the Baroness Burdett-Coutts distributed the prizes and certificates to the students of the Westminster Technical Institute, and a special address of a most encouraging nature was delivered by Sir Frederick Bramwell. The Institute has been successful from its foundation, and the students have done admirable work in examinations held by the City and Guilds of London Institute.—The annual National Brewers' Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall, and attracted much attention, as each year the various details connected with the huge trade are more keenly discussed, and the licensing and other questions gain new interest. This is the sixteenth exhibition, and the various allied trades have made a brave show for what some people regard as a moribund industry.—The condition of the Czar remains unchanged, the general debility and weakness of the heart remains the same.—News reached London of the attempted assassination of ex-President Harrison, by masked men, on Saturday, after leaving a public hall in Logansport, Texas.

THE LATE PROFESSOR FROUDE.

Twenty miles from his birthplace—the quiet Devonshire village of Dartington—James Anthony Froude passed peacefully away on Oct. 20 at his later home at the mouth of the River Salcombe. By his death England loses her most picturesque historian, Oxford her most distinguished professor, and literature one of the most charming writers of this reign. Like the late Cardinal Newman, with whom at one time he was greatly in sympathy, Professor Froude was one of a pair of brothers, differing greatly in some things, resembling much in others; but, unlike John Henry Newman, whose brother, Francis W. Newman,

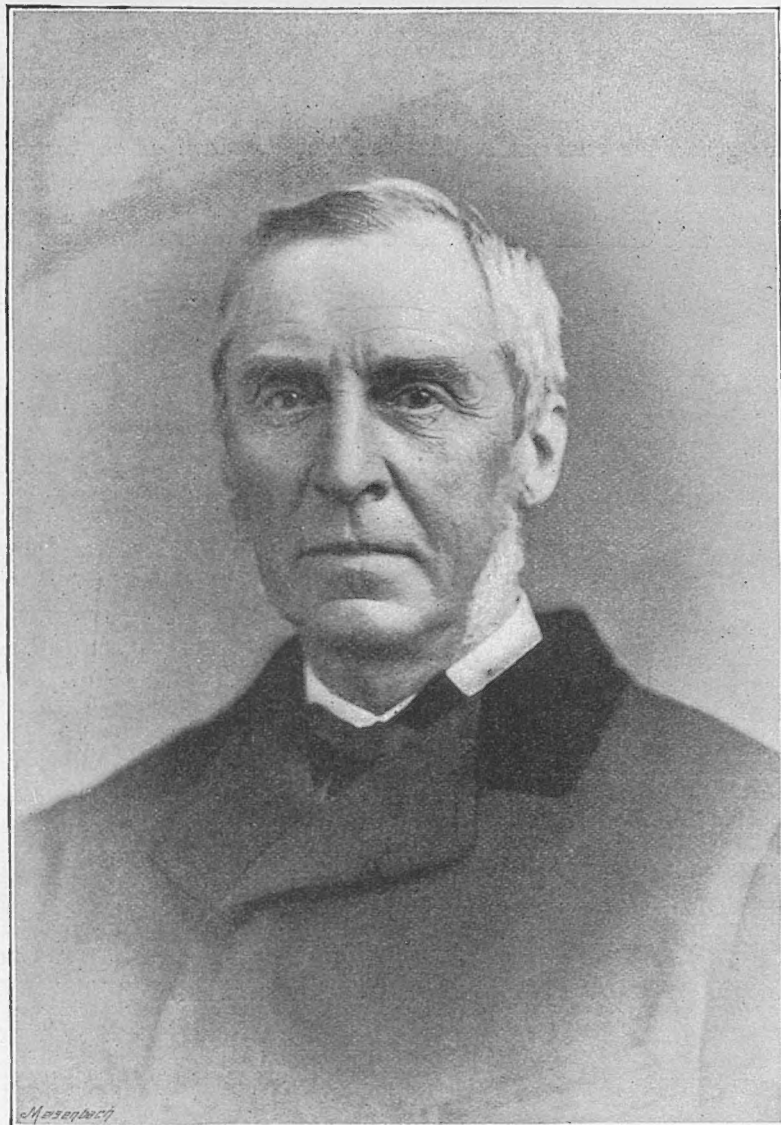


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE PROFESSOR J. A. FROUDE.

outlives him, Professor Froude's brother, Hurrell, predeceased him by many years. The historian was the younger son of the late Venerable R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totnes, and was born on April 23, 1818. Westminster School is proud to claim him as one of her *alumni*; he afterwards proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant career, carrying off the Chancellor's prize for an English essay on "The Influence of the Science of Political Economy on the Moral and Social Welfare of the Nation." He was ordained a deacon in the Church of England in 1844, but, taking advantage of the Clerical Disabilities Act, he relinquished the office twenty-eight years later. At the time of his undergraduate career Oxford was passing through that great crisis which, despite the able efforts of Dean Church, Ward, and others, will never be thoroughly understood by the present generation. Under the influence of Newman, Froude wrote one of the "Lives of the English Saints," following it up with a volume containing two stories, published under the pseudonym of "Zeta." In 1848 his striking book, "The Nemesis of Faith," drew a storm of disapproval from the 'Varsity authorities, by reason of its heterodoxy; but many of the views therein expressed have become the orthodoxy of to-day. Mr. Froude resigned his Fellowship, and devoted himself to writing principally for the *Westminster Review*, which was then the organ of the new school of thought. In 1856 the first two volumes of his splendid "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" were published, and won the universal admiration of *litterateurs*. The concluding and twelfth volume was issued in 1870. It would be unnecessary to rehearse all the other books with which this industrious writer enriched literature. It must be confessed that one of the least satisfactory, though most widely read, was the *Life of Thomas Carlyle*, which has excited controversy not yet stilled. Possibly because Froude did not omit the disfigurements of temper in his portrait of his hero, the book has annoyed and hurt the feelings of

contemporaries of Carlyle, who overlooked his feelings because of his thoughts. One of the most popular of Froude's books, in the sense of reaching the people, was "Oceana," which pleasantly described the author's experiences in Greater Britain, albeit his experiences were somewhat rose-tinted. The volume, perhaps, gave one the impression of a traveller who passed through the country in a Pullman car. His "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is a careful piece of work, but somehow the kaleidoscopic character of its subject hardly was photographed by Froude. He was too serious a Conservative to appreciate the light-hearted free-lance Disraeli, who was more of a politician than a statesman. As a biographer, it must be confessed that Froude was not a success, for he had not an infinite capacity for taking pains. It was said that two days sufficed him for a cursory examination of Hughenden and its contents, and as to his "Life of John Bunyan," there is no comparison for accuracy and sympathy with Dr. John Brown's standard biography of the great Dreamer. An interesting venture into fiction was "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," published in 1889, giving a picture of Irish life in the last century. We have only recently welcomed the delightful volume on "Erasmus," which, alas! is the record of the last lectures delivered by Froude as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, a position in which he succeeded the late Professor Freeman in April, 1892. With Froude "the style's the man," and in the crucible of Time, whatever faults may be found with his literary labours one believes that his lucidity and distinction will remain as a fine example of Victorian literature.—W.

THE ART OF THE PERSONAL.*

Mr. Coulson Kernahan styles his book "a problem in personality," and the title is exceedingly apt. "Sorrow and Song" sheds a better light upon the attractive individuality of its author than any work we have yet had from him. "We use our own style," said Cicero, "when we think that only those to whom we write will read our letters." But Mr. Kernahan's style is always his own; a simple diction "gently touching with the charm of poetry" all that appeals not to the pretence of literary enterprise, but to the unadorned and whole-hearted humanity which is the fittest subject for the highest art. Here we have from him but five short essays, 156 pages in all. Among them is one with the singularly unattractive title, "Robertson of Brighton"; another is merely "A Note on Rossetti"; a third is a bundle of reflections upon "the wittiest and the wickedest of Germans," Heinrich Heine. Impossible that any man should of such beaten material raise any solid superstructure, it may be urged; yet the most careless perusal of the book denies the assumption. The sorrow of Heine's life as apart from all else in it, from triumph, from political fever, from voluptuousness, from power, is here laid bare as it has rarely been before. The paradoxical nature of the man is passed lightly by; "the prophet of poetic pain" with "God's satire weighing heavily upon him" is before us as he lay stretched upon his pile of mattresses, near to blindness, and racked with the excruciating torture which bore upon him for the last eight years of his life. Here all the art of the writer is employed in legitimate, if gloomy, colours; the body of the wasted poet, so worn that it seemed little bigger than a child's, seems to come vividly upon the imagination; the speaking voice of the man himself calls out for that sympathy which the sight of him moved in all. "Of a truth I was terrified; my heart contracted when I saw Heine," said Alfred Meissner; "he depicted to me how he himself has become nearly like a ghost, how he looked down upon his poor, broken, racked body like a spirit already departed, and living in a sort of interregnum." And in every page of Mr. Kernahan's essay the same mood is obvious, the same note of sorrow dominates and prevails.

If this essay on Heine is depressing, and a succeeding one on Philip Marston is in the same sombre tint, the study of Robertson of Brighton, with his robustness and sense of personal force, is a pleasing antidote. And the little note on Rossetti is worthy of that often misapplied eulogy, "prose poem." There is a vitality and a feeling in it which conveys a sense of freshness entirely unlooked for from such a title. More welcome, however, are the pages concerning a "Singer from Over Seas," America's one poetess, Louise Chandler Moulton. It has been urged of this lady that she is one of the very few who have maintained fitly the traditions of the *salon* in this country. And certainly her own work is worthy of all that Mr. Kernahan says of it, alike for its flights of song and for those strange images which are characteristic of the new school of poets which America has given to us. Mrs. Moulton strikes the note of "sorrow," it is true, but her "song" is sweet and musical and human, and thus she comes fitly into a volume which, in its turn, possesses all these attributes, and adds to them a literary grace and charm which are entirely of the individuality of the author. M. P.

In consequence of the popularity of the route from London to Paris *via* Dieppe, the Brighton Railway Company have arranged to continue the daily double service the whole year round, instead of discontinuing the day service, as usual, for the winter months. The trains leave Victoria 9 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., and London Bridge 9 a.m. and 9 p.m., and from Paris for London at 9.30 a.m. and 9 p.m. on every week-day and Sunday. The route from Dieppe lies through the beautiful scenery of Normandy to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine. Single tickets, available for seven days, are 34s. 7d., 25s. 7d., and 18s. 7d., and return tickets, available for one month, are 58s. 3d., 42s. 3d., and 33s. 3d.

* "Sorrow and Song," by Coulson Kernahan. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited.

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Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.
MISS LILIAN REVELL.

a few minutes, but as she had been performing the night before at Ealing she was indulging in a rest.

"I am touring in 'Arms and the Man,' you know," explained Miss Revell. "I have Miss Farr's part of Louka, the Bulgarian servant, which I like immensely."

"But you have appeared in London, have you not?"

"Oh, yes; it is just five years since I walked on at the Lyceum, and for a year I did 'superior' work. I was in 'Macbeth,' and 'The Dead Heart.' There were plenty of changes in the latter piece, too, for I first appeared as a Court lady, in the next act I was a terrible shouting woman of the Revolution, and lastly a pretty peasant girl indulging in rough dances. Since then I have had a fairly varied experience. I have played in 'Dr. Bill,' with Mr. Benson at the Globe, also with Mrs. Langtry. In 1891 I had a *matinée* at the Globe, when we performed Mr. A. Drinkwater's 'Golden Sorrow,' and I have been all round the provinces, where I have taken the melodrama lead in the parts which Miss Millward fills at the Adelphi."

"You like melodrama, then?"

"Frankly, I don't; especially in the provinces, where you have to point your heroics and your jokes more sharply; still, it gives you breadth."

"What is your favourite class of rôle?"

"I should like to play the part of an adventuress. I am too tall, I think, for the *ingénue*, and, of course, I share the usual hankering to appear in such a rôle as that of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' I am also very anxious to appear as an Ibsen heroine, or a new woman—not 'the New Woman,' but some up-to-date creation. I am quite in sympathy with the woman movement, you know," went on Miss Revell, thoughtfully.

"Then is it fair to ask if you bicycle in a rational costume and smoke?"

"I only plead guilty to the latter charge, and I am not particularly fond of any kind of sport. No; the fact is I came from Girton, where we believe in the New Woman." And Miss Revell proceeded to tell me how, having passed the London Matriculation, and obtained other honours at school, she went to Girton with a view to working for her Historical Tripos. "But I could not pursue it," continued the young actress,

"for all my ambition was centred on the stage, in spite of my parents being quite against it. In the end, however, I won them over, and left Girton, after a two years' residence, to enter the ranks of the profession."

"And you have not regretted your choice?"

"Oh, no!" (very emphatically); "I am never so happy as when I am on the stage. Of course, it's a hard life, but, in my opinion, a most enjoyable one." And then Miss Revell brought me over a portfolio of photographs, from which I at length selected the graceful picture which appears in *The Sketch*.

L. E. B.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It is the disadvantage of acting with a star of such magnitude as Mr. Arthur Roberts that one's own twinkle is sometimes almost unnoticed. Now, in the "Claude Duval" company are one or two whose names deserve mention. Miss Marie Halton is one of them; her lively dancing and excellent singing help the piece very much. Playgoers will recollect her brave fight for fortune in "La Rosière" at the now inhospitable Shaftesbury Theatre, and remember that she fought her share of the battle excellently. Miss Ellerslie—"Gertie, Claude's *vivandière*" she is called on the bill of the play—has not made such a bold bid for fame as Miss Halton, but every night her singing and hearty dancing get a round of applause, and sometimes more than one.

The title, "Married by Proxy," sends one far back in history, to the days when it sometimes happened that the bridegroom was not present at his wedding, and for the time the "best man" was second and principal in one. Unfortunately, however, the idea involved in the name hardly fits into a piece whose action is supposed to take place in these days of the dying century. One cannot "make believe" to the extent of accepting the proposition that a man, rather than miss a horse-race, would send a friend, duly disguised, to take his place at his wedding: as the fire and stone-eating mountebank said, when they brought him the railway *buffet* sandwich, "That's rather more than a man can swallow." No doubt, Mr. Yuill's piece is only a farce, though he calls it a farcical comedy, yet even in farce you may ask too much of the audience.

Ask too much, for all sorts of stage pieces ask something of the spectator, ask him to make believe to some extent. Every kind of work, even the most realistic, demands an "illusion receptivity" from the house—the term shall not occur again. The finest quality in the critic



Photo by Hanu, Regent Street, W.
MISS MARIE HALTON IN "CLAUDE DUVAL."

is the gift for nicely regulating his standard of make believe to the form of work offered to him, and he who cannot find an artistically-treated fairy tale as true and probable as the most *naturalist* of the Théâtre Libre series will do constant injustice. It is when an entertainment does not even pretend that you can "make believe" in it that it has no right to be called drama, even in the widest sense of the word. Therefore it is that

a Gaiety burlesque, though its lyrics may be from the graceful, witty pen of Mr. Adrian Ross, is only a variety show, while the lovely "Cinderella" pantomime at the Lyceum was a work of dramatic art.

It is a pity that such a company as Mr. Edward Compton's should waste its ability on a "Married by Proxy," that an actor of his gifts should present himself in such a graceless, wearisome work. Art took its revenge upon him, for the player, whose acting in old farces is



Photo by Hana, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELLERSLIE IN "CLAUDE DUVAL."

admired justly by everybody, seemed so utterly out of date as the hero of the new farce, that one began to ask whether praise given to him in the part was honestly earned.

Everyone recalls that "The New Boy"—or, rather, I should say, Mr. Weedon Grossmith as Archibald Rennie—was in the spring of this year conducted across the Strand from Terry's to the Vaudeville; that the long career of "Morocco Bound" at the Shaftesbury was supplemented by a shorter turn at the Trafalgar Square; and, most keenly of all, that "Charley's Aunt," with Mr. Penley as Lord Fancourt Babberley, *alias* Babs, *alias* Doña Lucia d'Alvadorez, has since early in the year 1893 been continuing at the Globe the triumphal progress commenced at the Royalty shortly before the Christmas of 1892; "In Town," Prince of Wales's and Gaiety; "Joan of Arc," first produced at the Opéra Comique; and "Miss Decima," Criterion and elsewhere, four other examples of the same class. Nor must I overlook "A Pantomime Rehearsal," that prime factor in the "triple bill"—a bill, by-the-way, that has been changed repeatedly, as regards its two minor items, in the course of years of provincial touring. Cecil Clay's irresistibly funny skit on amateur theatricals passed, it will be remembered, from Terry's to the Shaftesbury, and from the Shaftesbury to the Court, a wandering life that some time before was paralleled by that of "Dorothy," which began at the Gaiety, September, 1886, went on to the Prince of Wales's, and thence, under the auspices of Mr. H. J. Leslie, was transferred to the Lyric, thus giving to that house a magnificent send-off.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"A GAY WIDOW," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

"The wise man chooses first the mother-in-law and then the wife"—a phrase that has an Irish ring. Certainly in France a mother inquires whether a young man will make a good son-in-law before asking what sort of husband he will be. Horace Dudley seemed to have found a black tulip as mother-in-law in the charming person of Mrs. Marbrook, youthful widow of a wealthy alderman, and mother of the delightful Nelly. He was a prosperous young solicitor, with a somewhat international practice and a heavy bank balance. On the day of his wedding, that day which grim ironists call the happiest of one's life, Horace asked his *belle-maman*—he could not call her "mamma," it sounded childish; nor "mother-in-law" or "Mrs. Marbrook," for they seemed stiff—to look after his business and find and furnish a house for him, and then hastened with his pretty bride for a lovely voyage of discovery in the lands of love or hate.

Now Mrs. Marbrook had married as soon as she left school, and been a good wife to a staid, elderly London merchant—she had not found life with him exhilarating. When he died, Nelly was on her hands, and, until she put her into a husband's arms, the "dear little mother" did her duty and nothing to prejudice her child's career. When, however, Nelly was married and done for, the thirty-six-year-old widow resolved "to have her innings," and see and taste life as far as propriety would permit. So, on the day of the wedding, she refused the hand of Peter Rutherford, a well-to-do elderly friend, and set sail for Trouville, with seven new hats, two dozen dresses, her maid, Peter as watch-dog, and some wonderful bathing and shrimping costumes.

Mrs. Marbrook had what is called "a good old time" at dear, delightful, wicked Trouville-Deauville, and horrified poor Peter—his position was a little like that of "Der Arme Peter" of Heine's poem—who found that in her *costumes-de-bain* she resembled a "living picture." She flirted outrageously with Vicomte de Barsac, a Frenchman too polite or forgetful to mention that he had a wife. The sad result was a scandalous episode on his yacht, in which she was compromised, though her conduct was at the worst but rash. She ran back to London to find and furnish the promised house. Her ideas of finance were rather like those of the wife who, when trusted with a cheque-book, felt sure she had not overdrawn the account, since she had still some unused cheque forms.

Poor Mrs. Marbrook furnished the office in a *bonbonnière* style that would have delighted a *demi-mondaine*, and at a cost fearful to a Rothschild. Moreover, anxious not to spoil the honeymoon, she forwarded no letters, even though marked "important" in the blackest ink, whence arose appalling troubles. Poor Horace grinned and bore the furniture, but groaned and swore over the keeping back of the letters. Yet he forgave, and when he heard of De Barsac's crime, and met the man, insulted him, and rushed over to France to fight with him on the sands near Calais.

It is very unwise to leave your wife and mother-in-law without giving a reason, however untruthful, for your departure. No sooner had he gone than Mrs. Marbrook and Nelly got inexact rumours of the duel, and found traces of an old love affair, so they put two and two together and made a dozen of them, and went off to a solicitor, whom they instructed to take divorce proceedings against the virtuous husband. Horace pinked the Frenchman and dyed the sands near Calais with him, then rushed back to make peace with his wife and his clients. Little did he guess that his "dear little *belle-maman*" was in the attitude of tigress defending her cub.

Horace Dudley was as honourable a man as any that ever drew a bill of costs, and when Mrs. Marbrook in Nelly's presence accused him of fighting a duel on behalf of another woman for the sake of his . . . he magnanimously held his tongue and did not "give away" the mother before her daughter. He set his gallantry like a nigger on the safety-valve in a Mississippi steamboat race, and took his thrashing with the courage of a schoolboy armour-plated with copy-books. However, even a jerry builder's screw will turn if you press it hard enough, and after pressure to a degree that no manometer would register, Horace turned on *belle-maman* and told the truth.

Need one say more? Nelly was delighted by her husband's daring and delicacy, her mother was crushed by his generosity, and, as atonement and guarantee of good faith, accepted the heart of Peter Rutherford and gave her hand in exchange.

The play ends happily, but does the piece? Not altogether. Mr. Burnand, in his version of the Sardou-Deslandes' work, has written a clever dialogue, marred by some trivial jests, and much of the work is charming; but the rest, and there is a good deal of rest, is rather wearisome. The blue pencil must be used vigorously, Mr. Righton must be hastened, Miss Lottie Venne must be hustled, and some of the characters go by the board, and off the boards. Then we shall have a piece, somewhat hybrid, perhaps, that will be entertaining if not exciting, and pleasing. Great credit is there to Mr. Charles Hawtrey as Horace, for he attacked a very difficult part with immense skill, and got in safety over a huge surface of thin ice. Miss Lottie Venne was at her best occasionally, but, on the whole, did not do justice to herself. Miss Eva Moore was pleasing as Nelly, and a trying part of a foreign adventuress showed that Miss Violet Raye has the ability to fulfil the promises she has already made to Londoners. Praise is due and given to Mr. Gilbert Hare, Will Dennis, Nye Chart, and Compton Courtts, and also to the stage-manager, whose name is not disclosed.

MONOCLE.



THE FOUNDER OF A NEW "EMPIRE."

A CHAT WITH MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM.

Photos by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"Will you have a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you, Miss Brandram."

"Perhaps you would like a whisky-and—"

"A-ah!"

And what more auspicious opening could an interviewer desire? So, when the reasonable refreshment appeared, we sat down to talk in Miss Brandram's cosy little drawing-room.

"When did you first discover that you had a voice, Miss Brandram?"

"Before I was eight years old. As a child I was passionately fond



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM IN "UTOPIA, LIMITED."

of singing and dancing—I think I liked dancing best—and learned by ear several of the ballads that were popular at that time. These I used to sing at home before grown-up people, and I remember often noticing that they were crying. Then, without the slightest intention of ever appearing on the stage, or even the concert platform, I began to take lessons with Mr. Frank Romer."

"And then?"

"Private affairs made it necessary for me to try and earn my own living; so, armed with a letter of introduction from Madame Foli, I went to see Mr. D'Oyley Carte."

"Whom you have since never left?"

"Never, which fact will make this interview very uninteresting, won't it?"

"Why?"

"Because, unlike most singers, I have never changed about from theatre to theatre, and my career is more or less a steady record of gradual progress in a single groove. But I would like to say at once how much I appreciate all Mr. and Mrs. Carte's kindness."

"How long ago is it that you first met Mr. Carte?"

"Just eighteen years. The 'Comic Opera Company' had just been formed for the production of the work of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan at the Opéra Comique Theatre. I was entirely unsophisticated in all matters theatrical, and you can imagine my delight when Mr. Carte put me in a corner of the dress circle, so that I might watch a rehearsal of 'The Sorcerer.' And to see a play without paying! Mrs. Howard Paul, who was playing the part of Lady Sangazure in that operetta, completely fascinated me, and I watched her so intently that, afterwards, I remembered nearly all her business. Then, at another rehearsal, I saw her understudy. The difference in the two performances was so marked that I had the—nerve?—to go up to Mr. Carte and say, 'Excuse me, Mr. Carte, may I go on the stage and do that? I think I could do it

better than that lady.' He laughed heartily, but said nothing. So I went home."

"The next morning there was a knock at the door, and there appeared a poor, bedraggled little imp of a boy, with a big roll of music under his arm. 'You've got to come down to the theatre and sing to-night,' he said abruptly."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Not a bit. When I arrived at the Opéra Comique, I found the whole company waiting for me. The rehearsal began, and I went right through the part—minuet and all. Then Mr. Carte told me that I must stay in the theatre all day, as I was to play the part that evening."

"And how did you decide upon your *nom de théâtre*?"

"Mr. Carte would not hear of my using my own name, so I implored him to give me one beginning with the same letter—B—as that was how all my clothes were marked. He sent for a 'Post Office Directory,' and running his finger down the columns, fixed upon Brandram."

"When the evening came weren't you dreadfully nervous?"

"No, it never occurred to me to be frightened. I didn't realise quite what I was doing. I sang the part without a hitch."

"Have you never had stage-fright?"

"Never, until the other evening. It was the last performance of 'Utopia,' and the audience gave me such a reception that I was so touched that I began to cry, and couldn't give my first song."

"What was the next step in your career?"

"Mr. Carte sent me into the provinces to play the part of Lady Sangazure, and when we returned 'Pinafore' had been produced. I was not strong enough for the wear and tear of travelling, so I begged Mr. Carte to let me stay in London. He did so, but I had to content myself with understudying. Then 'Pinafore' made such a success in America that it was decided to send out an English company to play the opera as it had been written, and with Sullivan's orchestral score. I went as understudy to Miss Alice Barnett in the part of Little Buttercup. Then we produced the 'Pirates of Penzance,' a great part of which was written in America, and the small part of Kate was introduced for me. When we returned to England I played leading parts in the farces and first pieces, and it was not until 'Princess Ida' that the first contralto part was given to me. Since then I have appeared in every production at the Savoy, with the exception of the 'Nautch Girl.'"

"And how do you like your present part in 'Mirette'?"

"In the present revised version I like it very much. Sir Arthur Sullivan tells me there is a part for me in the forthcoming revival of 'La Contrabandista.' After that I know nothing."

And then, after saying "Good-bye" to Miss Brandram, her fox-terrier Tum-Tum, and her parrot, I withdrew as gracefully as is my wont.—G. B.



AS LADY VERNON IN "HADDON HALL."



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM IN "THE VICAR OF BRAY."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE EDITORS OF THE "FORTNIGHTLY."

BY ONE WHO HAS KNOWN THEM.

The *Fortnightly Review* was started in 1865 by George Henry Lewes. From the outset, it was intended as an English equivalent of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, like its prototype, it was to be issued, as its name imports, every alternate week, or thereabouts. But the British public did not take kindly to this scheme of half-monthly publication, and, after a brief struggle, "the issue on the 15th" was "for the present suspended," as the stereotyped notice on the cover of the *Review* still gently states it. This notice having appeared with great regularity for not far short of thirty years, it may be conjectured that it is repeated merely in order to supply some colourable pretext for the misnomer of *Fortnightly*.

George Henry Lewes was a progressive thinker—a greater thinker, indeed, those who knew him believed, than the world has ever yet recognised, or is likely to recognise. By taste and inclination a serious student of philosophy, psychology, and biology, Lewes had been driven

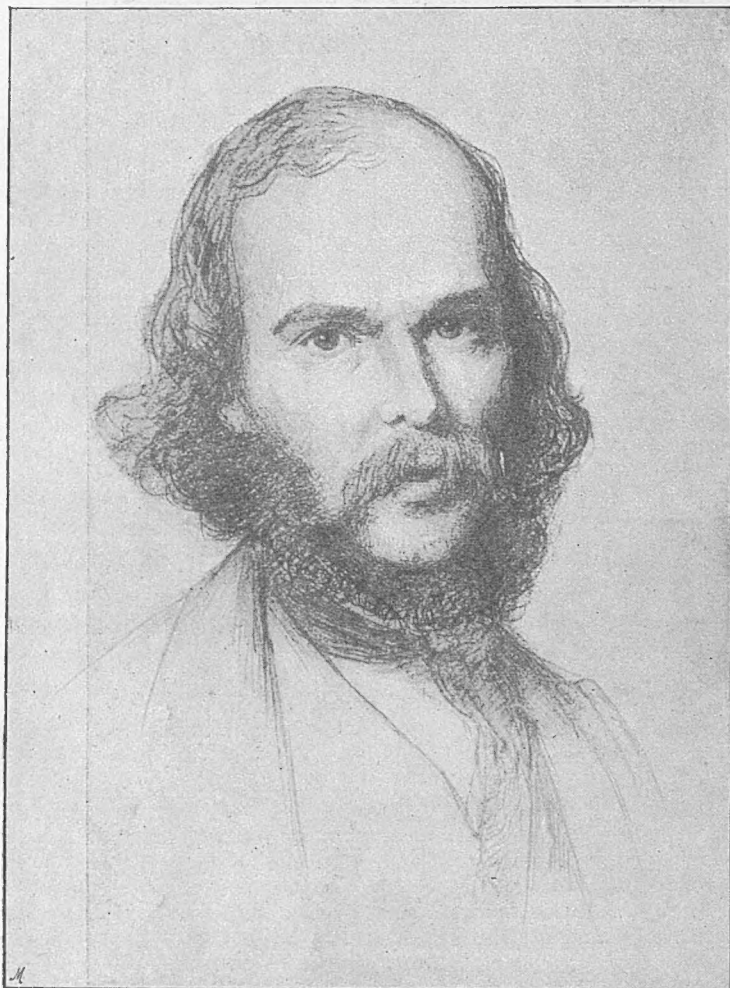
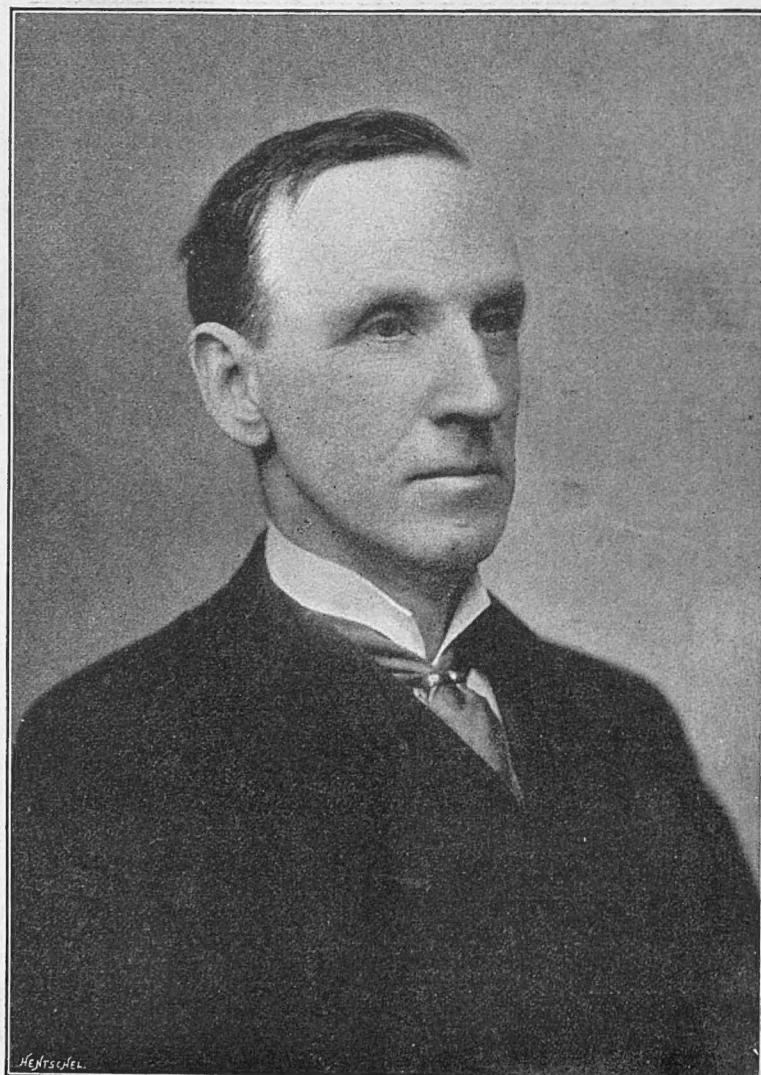


Photo by F. Bruckmann, from portrait by R. Lehmann.

THE LATE GEORGE HENRY LEWES, FIRST EDITOR OF THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW."

by circumstances over which, unhappily, he had no control into journalism, fiction, play-writing, and trivialities. His life had been cosmopolitan. The grandson of a popular comedian, he had been educated in England, Jersey, and Brittany. On the threshold of manhood, he took a turn at the law, and then, not liking it, at a Russian merchant's office. After that, he made up his mind to be a doctor, but the operating-room repelled him, and, though he retained through life a deep and growing interest in physiology, together with the biological twist which his brief study of medicine had given him, he could never bring himself to perform even the simplest operation. So he decided on literature, and, with that design, betook him to Germany, where, during two years of observation and study, he laid the foundation of that knowledge of German letters which he afterwards utilised in his masterly "Life of Goethe," the earliest example of the modern biological and sociological biography, which envisages a man, not as an isolated individual, but as a direct product of his ancestry and antecedents, reacted upon by his environment and the spirit of his contemporaries. His "History of Philosophy" has been much underrated by many who might have learned a great deal from it; but, on the whole, Lewes was one of those men who produce a far deeper impression by their conversation on the few who know them than they can produce by their writings on the general public. The friend of Herbert Spencer and the chosen companion through life of George Eliot, he had flashes of insight which placed him at times on a level with the highest and deepest thinkers of his period. But it was only after George Eliot's literary successes had emancipated him from the sordid care of tables and the drudgery of a bookseller's hack that he was able to turn, when his mind had lost its freshness and elasticity, from farces and novels to those

Photo by W. and A. H. Fry, East Street, Brighton.
MR. T. H. S. ESCOTT.Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

pregnant "Problems of Life and Mind," which worthily engaged his old age at the Priory.

Lewes intended the *Fortnightly* to be the organ of the freest possible thought in politics, religion, and social science. When, after two years of editorial care, he resigned his place in 1867 to Mr. John Morley, the *Review* certainly did not depart from this noble ideal. Mr. Morley held the reins so long—from 1867 till 1882—that he grew to be almost identified with the *Fortnightly* and its fortunes. Under his strong and able guidance the *Review* assumed, it is true, a certain formal and cut-and-dried *doctrinaire* aspect; but its high character and its importance as a leader of opinion did not suffer in any way. Indeed, it was this editor who really first made it into an organ—the organ of superior thought, without marked bias in any direction, but with a certain faint leaning towards Positivism, towards the Evolutionary standpoint,



Photo by A. Abbott, Mackney.

MR. FRANK HARRIS.

towards philosophic Radicalism, and towards religious Agnosticism. Profound thinking of any kind, it is true, was always welcome in the *Review* under Mr. Morley's rule; for he was a thinker himself, and, as Mill well phrased it, "Thought will always sympathise with thought." Still, the general trend of the articles was certainly in the direction of science and the newer views of things; Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall were more likely to be welcome than Newman or Manning; Gladstone and Matthew Arnold than Carlyle or Ruskin. Moreover, names were here of less importance than opinions; the Duke of Argyll was not so sure to find room as the youngest and obscurest writer who had something to say of his own that was fresh and clear and vigorous. The *Nineteenth Century* aimed mostly at securing the work of made men, the Tennysons and Mannings; it was open to social distinction—a Duke or an Archbishop; the *Fortnightly* sought rather to attract by virtue of the thoughts and arguments themselves, not by virtue of the established reputation of its writers. Hence it became the favourite arena for fresh topics and fresh men; it afforded a first hearing to many notable ideas which were shortly to convulse the thinking world, and to many writers who were shortly to make themselves heard in the councils of humanity. It was among the earliest magazines to recognise the greatness of Meredith and the grace of Stevenson; while, as to the younger men whose work it gave first to the reading world, their names are too numerous for a discreet chronicler to venture upon the delicate and somewhat invidious task of selection.

Mr. Morley, as everybody knows, is an Oxford man; somewhat austere and rigid; a belated disciple of the school of Mill, much leavened by Positivism, Socialism, Evolution, Practical Politics, a sturdy North Country temperament, and assiduous study of the precursors and heralds of the French Revolution. He hates triviality, and is a monument of earnestness. A philosophic desire to improve the life of the nation and the individual, and a conviction that character is more important than success are the secrets of his influence. He conducted his review as he wrote his books and as he manages his public life—on this high plane of sentiment. Even those who differ from him, as most of us must often do, cannot fail to recognise with respect his sincerity of aim and his courage of purpose.

Political life and the *Pall Mall Gazette* severed Mr. Morley's connection at last with the *Fortnightly*. He was succeeded in 1882 by

Mr. Escott, also an Oxford man, and a distinguished journalist, though, perhaps, less markedly "advanced" in opinion than either of the previous editors. Mr. Escott is a classical man, a graceful essayist, a former lecturer on logic at King's College, London, and once a leader writer on the staff of the *Standard*. The latter qualification, no doubt, pointed to a certain change of front in the management of the *Review*, which in Mr. Escott's hands became, if not more Conservative, at least more decorously neutral, though still retaining to a great degree its openness to varying forms of thought in every direction. His rule, in short, was rather safe than startling. A serious nervous break-down necessitated the editor's withdrawal in 1886, and the vacant chair was filled by Mr. Frank Harris.

Mr. Harris is indeed a heaven-sent editor, one of the sort that are born, not made, a shrewd dealer in men, a splendid general, a marvellously courageous and able organiser. In North Country phrase, he is "quick at the uptake." Only known to the world before as having conducted a comparatively unimportant evening paper with considerable success, he stepped at once into the influential place once occupied by Morley and Lewes, and instantly proved himself in every way worthy of it. His conduct of the *Fortnightly* was brave and admirable. He gave it life and freshness, made it thoroughly readable, and yet fully kept up its dignity and value as an organ of thought and a leader of opinion. He caught rapidly at good work whenever he saw it. His own extremely able Western American stories introduced a new feature into the pages of the *Review*, while his impartial admission of friend or foe who had aught to say worth hearing won him the suffrages of all who value width of thought and freedom of discussion. He was afraid of nothing. His marked fearlessness, indeed, as of the Western explorer turned loose upon the dull field of English literature, is one of his most striking and interesting characteristics; for though Mr. Harris is, I believe, Welsh by birth and descent, America has sunk deep in him, and formed his habits; he represents in our world the bold, frank spirit of the Western States, set down like a lighted bombshell amid our decorously conventional English society. And he succeeds by exploding.

Of Mr. Courtney, who replaces him, it would be premature to speak. He is an able scholar and a practised journalist. He has every qualification of a solid editor. But Mr. Harris is a hard man to follow. Not every hand can bend the bow of Ulysses. If the *Fortnightly* is to keep up its ancient prestige, it must be conducted on the same lines as those adopted by Mr. Morley and the retiring editor. It must give full expression to the freest thought; it must welcome young blood; it must open its doors to fresh ideas; it must live up to date, and a little in front of date—in one word, it must be a live magazine, and must avoid the unpardonable sin of cliquishness.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY, THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW."

SMALL TALK.

The Queen will remain at Balmoral until the middle of next month, when the Court returns to Windsor Castle till about Dec. 21, and her Majesty then goes to Osborne for two months. The Queen will proceed to the Continent in March—shortly before Easter—and is expected to spend a month in Italy, and then to return home through Germany; but the arrangements have not yet been definitely settled, and it is untrue that “an official” of her Majesty has been inspecting villas in the neighbourhood of Florence on her behalf, as, if she goes there next spring, she will again occupy the Villa Fabbriotti.

During the last few weeks the Queen’s private apartments in the Victoria Tower at Windsor Castle have been done up and re-decorated. The Queen has always occupied this suite of rooms, and the adjoining set was appropriated to the use of Prince Albert, since whose death they have been reserved for the Queen, and everything in them remains precisely as he left them. Moreover, when the Queen is at Windsor the fires are lighted in the rooms; the ink-bottles, blotting-paper, and pens in the sitting-room daily replenished, and the water, soap, and linen in the late Prince’s bed-room regularly changed.

The Queen is in very good health, but her Majesty has aged late y to a remarkable degree, and she is obliged to be far more careful in her driving expeditions, so as to avoid all risk of taking cold, as a chill at once brings on a return of her painful rheumatic affection. The old practice of going a long distance in an open carriage and then returning in the evening has been entirely given up, and now, should the Queen be out late in the afternoon, the vehicle is closed directly the air begins to get chilly.

At the Council held at Balmoral last week the Queen gave her formal consent to the marriage of Prince Adolphus of Teck and Lady Margaret Grosvenor. Various exaggerated reports have been circulated of the sum to be settled by the Duke of Westminster upon the young couple. The arrangement between the “contracting parties” is that the Duke of Westminster shall settle £300,000 upon his daughter—£150,000 to be paid upon her marriage, and the balance at the Duke’s decease. A very liberal settlement, too, considering that the Duke’s large family all have, to a great extent, to be provided for out of his savings, for the estates and the extremely valuable London property are strictly entailed.

Sir Fleetwood Edwards returns to St. James’s Palace this week from Balmoral, where he has been acting as Private Secretary to the Queen during the absence from Court of Sir Henry Ponsonby, who has been away for the last six weeks, partly on a holiday, and partly on private business for her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales and the young Princesses arrived at Sandringham last week for the winter, and will remain in Norfolk until Dec. 11, when they come up to London for a week.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Lord and Lady Londonderry was a great success, and first-rate sport was obtained, as the Wynyard Estate affords the best partridge and pheasant shooting in the county of Durham. Wynyard Park, although not a regular show place, is one of the finest country seats in England. The original house, designed by Wyatt, the architect of Windsor Castle, was burned down in 1841, and the present mansion was then erected. The interior of the house is admirably arranged, and contains a magnificent sculpture gallery, with marble columns, and lighted by a double dome. Lord Londonderry’s Wynyard and Seaham Estates in Durham extend to over 13,000 acres and are of enormous value, as they contain some of the most productive coal mines in England. They came into the Londonderry family by the marriage of the present peer’s grandfather with the only daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest—a famous “blood” in the early part of the present century.

The castle at Norwich, visited yesterday—Oct. 23—by the Duke and Duchess of York, who there formally opened that new county museum which is a memorial of the Queen’s Jubilee in 1887, is one of the most striking objects in that city of churches—I believe I counted nine-and-thirty from the tower of the Cathedral last time I was there—and one of the most ancient. Tradition says that the castle, in the form of an enormous entrenchment of earth and defensive ramparts, existed as early as A.D. 575, when it was the stronghold of Affa, King of East Anglia; but the more ancient parts of the building as we moderns know it is the work of Roger Bigod, one of the Conqueror’s earls, who founded the original structure, sadly dilapidated by reason of the various sieges it has sustained. When that degenerate monarch, the son of Edward Longshanks, was King, the castle was enlarged and beautified by Thomas de Brotherton, and it was left to the Vandals of the early part of this century to destroy those beauties so dear to antiquaries, to “restore” the building by almost re-casing, and to substitute for its elaborate Norman carving what an essayist of fifty years ago styled “an imitation of vulgar modern workmanship.” Notwithstanding this, the great keep, in the defence of which it is said more men have perished than in that of any other fortified place in the kingdom, holds much that is connected with our country’s history, and must always be associated in the memory of those who have visited Norwich with their first view of that fine old city.

The good folks of Norwich, whose castle has been devoted to such unpleasant uses as a jail, will not be sorry to see the inauguration of something more interesting and elevating within those ancient walls.

Princess Alix of Hesse is shortly to be received into the Greek Church, and the ceremony which is to set the seal on her conversion will be solemnised at the Russian church in Wiesbaden. This building, though small, is celebrated for its beauty of site and construction. It stands picturesquely on the edge of a wood about a mile outside Wiesbaden, and the life-size sleeping figure in white marble which is placed at one end of the church was put there by the Duke of Nassau in memory of his first wife, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia. It is said that all the Grand Duchess’s immense dowry was devoted by her husband to the building and decoration of this *bijou* place of worship. Carrara marbles, mosaics, gilding on a most elaborate scale, and the paintings and statues of famous artists were ordered, reckless of the cost, by the Duke, who was determined that the church should be the most beautiful of its kind in the Fatherland. And, from the decorative point of view, it has certainly won its desired reputation.

She had received her training at the hands of that excellent institution, the St. John’s Ambulance Association—so a medical friend informed me with regard to a certain young lady—and she was keen to exercise her skill upon an accident, so she wandered about the streets of London with such impedimenta as would enable her to act the part of good Samaritan, and one day, by a lucky chance, she saw a hansom patent safety act in a highly inconsistent manner, and pitch its occupant, an elderly gentleman, on the pavement. Then she rushed to his assistance, and produced her scissors, lint, and bandages, her splints and her needle, and she mutilated the modest covering of a lower limb, and manipulated that member in the most skilful manner. Then, like a truly good Samaritan, she got into a cab with her still insensible “case,” and drove to the hospital. “Yes,” said the house surgeon, when he examined the patient, “yes, my dear young lady, this is most skilfully done.” She thrilled with pleasure. “But you have set the wrong leg!” And when she saw him begin on the other one she thrilled with pleasure no longer.

A few days since the great “Waltz King” celebrated his professional jubilee at Vienna, to whose dreamy melodies we have so often done homage in the ball-room. Addresses, deputations, and floral offerings were showered by a thousand admirers on Johann Strauss, whose young, alert appearance altogether belies his sixty years. Perhaps this is due to his habits, which are regular as the proverbial clock, though somewhat contrary to our British ideas of hygiene. He sleeps late, and works well into the small hours, dislikes exercise, and rarely stirs from home. In dress Strauss is ostentatious, loving velvet clothes and many diamonds. Curious that this man, who has made a new era in the languorous waltz by the irresistible charm and rhythm of his compositions, has himself never danced, and to him the mazy raptures of the *trois temps* are practically unknown. Hans Richter, Brahms, and Grünfeld are among his intimate friends, and whist parties make a great feature of the summer holiday, when Strauss entertains at his lovely villa just outside Ischl. One old lady, who died quite recently, left in her will that a favourite waltz should be played at her funeral, and the idea so tickled Strauss that he went himself a long distance to hear, and finally conducted it in person. One of his loveliest melodies was actually written at a ball. It was at supper. Strauss had a pretty partner to inspire him, and in the interlude between a lark’s wing and a glass of *très sec* he seized his pencil and jotted down the “Juristen Balltanz,” which immediately became the rage.

“Gush” is a wonderful thing in its way, and so a record in the matter of gushing deserves to be noted. From the pages of the last issue of *St. Paul’s* I take these phrases: “His execution of the Carnival of Venice is really fine. It has warmth and colour. Somehow it takes me back to Venice in the glad old days when her marble palaces were festooned with awnings of brilliant silk, and her gilded gondolas were shaded with canopies of satin and tissue. We smell the Adriatic”—it is a rash thing to smell anything in Venice except smelling-salts. “We feel a rush of rose-leaves and a sting of *confetti* against our faces, and we are grateful to the musician who wrote the ‘Carnival of Venice’ and to the artist who whistled it.” One would think this an excerpt from an ill-written rhapsody on Paderewski’s performance of Herz or Schumann’s fantasia on the melody that Paganini unfortunately discovered in Venice. However, it is nothing of the kind; it is a critical opinion concerning the by no means brilliant *whistling* of the waiter in “A Trip to China Town.”

Mewings, scratchings, and purrings precede the cats’ dinner hour with great vigour these days during the progress of the show, which was opened on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace. Six hundred and forty entries are capable of making a very respectable noise when the inner cat begins to make itself felt. Mr. Louis Wain, as President of the National Cat Club, has been in great request among exhibitors, all eager to display the points of their respective treasures to this well-known authority. Only two tortoise-shell Toms were shown, and one of these, a particularly fine specimen, took first prize. Miss Mayhew’s James is becoming quite a well-known character at Palace shows, this being the third time he has walked off with a first prize. All sorts and varieties of cats are well in evidence—Cheetahs, Russians, Siamese, and what not? And the present show, besides being more representative than any previous ones, is also the largest ever held at Sydenham, which would possibly argue an increase of the domestic influences, notwithstanding the onslaughts of New Womanhood on such puerilities as the fireside and the family.

Everyone in the literary world is glad to welcome the reappearance of Mr. T. H. S. Escott's name in the reviews, after the long illness which terminated his editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*. He tells me that for twenty years he had no holiday, and this was surely cause enough for the breakdown of his undoubtedly great powers. At one time I used to recognise his lucid English in the political articles published by the *World*. Most *littérateurs* know Mr. Escott's "England: Its People, Polity, and Pursuits," which has been paid the deserved compliment of translation into many languages. Mr. Escott, who has been deriving great benefit from breezy Brighton, kindly gave a special sitting last week for the portrait which appears on another page in this issue. As he has only passed his fiftieth birthday, I trust there are many years of work before him.

I often wonder what an actor or an actress thinks of the plays in which they appear. Of course, the ruck of them, not unnaturally, like a "piece" where they have "fat," but the more intelligent portion of the profession cannot fail to be aware that they sometimes have to personate impossible characters and deliver improbable—to say the least of it—speeches. But the actor has not much chance of recording in print his impressions either of the play he is appearing in, or on the drama of the day in general. Now and again we find actors becoming critics, the most recent example I can think of being that of Mr. Edward Rose, who holds a brief for the *Sunday Times* under its new management. An actress's voice is less seldom heard. That is why I have been reading with much interest the impressions of the veteran Miss Emily Soldene on "Morocco Bound" as performed at Sydney. Miss Soldene, as some of my readers may remember, is engaged on the staff of the *Sydney Evening News*, a copy of which, with a critique on "Morocco Bound," has just come under my notice. Her verdict in brief is that "the music of Dr. Osmond Carr is pretty—lively, lilting tunes, catching, encorable refrains. The lyrics by Adrian Ross are decidedly smart; the libretto by Arthur Branscombe is in some parts cynical, some parts witty, *most parts stupid*" The italics are mine. "The piece is too long, and sometimes gets dangerously near the dull. Merciless excision, more dancing and less dialogue must be the word." I refrain from criticising this critique, but I can't refrain from presenting an up-to-date portrait of the critic.

The man with a resounding baritone to whom Prince Poniatowski's splendid "Wedding Song" is still a *tour de force* will be interested to hear of its performance at the wedding of the composer's nephew, Prince André Poniatowski, in Paris, some days ago. The Prince has married, according to conventional tradition, a rich American. Two wedding ceremonies being employed to "tie up" this happy pair, because of a difference in religion, the wedding was more or less quiet; but to those friends of Prince André who were not away in the country on shooting intent such a breakfast as the Bristol can produce was merrily attended. Holland having become, for some inscrutable reason, a vogue for honeymoons of the Paris *haut ton*, the young couple have chosen it as an adjunct to Brussels. It seems easy to understand, after all, that to those to whom living on a pinnacle can offer no added charm of novelty the descent into primitive surroundings and surrounding flatness should convey a special fascination of its own.

While our London managers were experiencing their annual bad quarter of an hour at the stuffy little Court in Clerkenwell, my recollection, which was out on business, carried me to the Palace of Varieties, with which the gilded and callow ones of Manchester were to have been supplied with entertainment. As a matter of fact, the place is well

attended, but the "unco' guid" have so crippled the refreshment arrangements that it can never be a very great success. "No intoxicants shall be sold on the premises," said the sapient Solons of the city, and for a time there was nothing but heavy dismay and deep thirst in the breasts of the patrons of the Manchester Palace. Then men used to go out to the public-house adjacent to moisten their parched mouths, and at last a strange thing happened. One night I was standing at that temperance bar within the building when a man came up and asked for a plain soda in a big glass. I could see by his looks that a plain soda would kill him, and, without waiting for an introduction, begged him not



A REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD FRIEND: MISS EMILY SOLDENE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU, SAN FRANCISCO.

to commit suicide in my presence. He smiled gin-and-bitterly, and as soon as he had the soda he produced a big flask from his pocket, emptied enough of the best whisky into the tumbler to drown the miserable mineral water, and drank the corpse. I would have given my unpaid tailor's bill for a real, fiery, untamed Licensing Committeeman to have seen the sight.

Golf begins to extend its dominion beyond the Herring-Pond, and all the rank and undoubted fashion of Newport have become votaries of the English sport on one hand, together with the bicycling of the Bois on another. One round of pleasure seems to be, indeed, the fortunate lot of the well-endowed American. Following the delights of a summer cottage at Newport comes the hunting season round about "Noo York," which is again succeeded by a reforming of "society" in the Horse Show of the capital, beginning about the middle of November.

A well-known wine-grower was recently taking me into his confidence on certain trade secrets, and I prevailed upon him to let one or two of them be secrets no longer, because I thought they were of public interest. We had been talking *à propos* of a new periodical lately launched upon journalism's stormy seas, of the difficulty a new paper must always experience in its early stages. "Almost as much difficulty as a new brand of champagne," said my friend. "Almost as much?" I repeated. "Why the almost?" "I assure you," he continued, with undue solemnity, "the difficulties in pushing a new champagne are almost ludicrous. You know the special brand by which my firm is known. When it first appeared we advertised enormously, then we paid heavy sums to have it entered upon the wine lists." "Where was that?" I inquired. "At leading clubs and restaurants," he replied. "I assure you that you could run a small newspaper on far less capital than was sunk in bringing this wine into public notice. Mine is not by any means an isolated case. Numbers of growers do the same. And just as in journalism, when once the public know and like a paper, their support is assured, so when the public learns to like a brand of wine it will always give it the preference over unknown names."

"Your argument defeats itself," I said, "because if the public will have nothing to do with a new brand when it can get an old one, where does the chance of the modern grower come in?" "Well," said my friend, with a prosperous smile, "you must make friends with head waiters and stewards. For example, you go to a place you have never visited before, in search of a *recherche* repast. You take the head waiter into your confidence, and, after arranging your special *menu*, you ask what brands he can recommend. Perhaps our agents have been there before, and he says that ours is a new brand that everybody is drinking and praising. The odds are in favour of your taking his advice, and then, if you like the wine, you will try it again. Of course, it goes without saying that a new brand to succeed must be a good one, but if you have something really good, and are able to advertise it, success is only a matter of time. What do you think of the wine yourself?" "To tell you the truth," I answered diplomatically, "I've forgotten the flavour. . . . Yes; it wouldn't be a bad idea. Very fine. Another? Yes, with pleasure. . . . Well, I don't mind if I do. A toast, you say? Decidedly. Here's to the cause of Temperance!"

Music acts in several other capacities than that of being the soul of love, it would appear, and doctors are beginning to hope that it may be shortly developed as a beneficial treatment in mental cases. We can all remember occasions on which a pet dog has been distressingly sympathetic in the second verse, and insisted on howling a duet with our baritone or contralto. Spiders are said to swing to and fro from their webs at the sound of a piano. Not that they should have been there to swing. But that's an aside. And who has not noticed the hypnotic effect of a Wagner night at Vienna or Bayreuth on vast audiences? Several scientists already argue strongly in favour of a music treatment, and recent experiments have been made on persons who were first hypnotised and then subjected to different kinds of music with very remarkable results. One man declared that he felt a sensation of death in that scene where Brunehilde summons Sigismund to follow her to Walhalla. Another became apparently much excited while the ride of the Valkyries was being played, and, on being awakened from the hypnotic state into which he had at first been thrown, described the feeling as if "rushing through space." All these experiments were made with one piano. What effects a full orchestra would be capable of producing on previously hypnotised patients time will probably show—that is, if there is anything in the theory.

Pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham becomes somewhat tame in retrospect when compared with what we have been doing in that way at Biarritz lately. Just at this migratory season flocks of wild pigeons are caught in mountain gorges of the Pyrenees, nets being spread across the defiles, into which the birds fly, sometimes in hundreds. Excellent sport is given by these little, light-blue, quick-flying pigeons. They are as cunning as the mythical pet fox, and puzzle even crack marksmen exceedingly. Prince Potocki has just arrived, and tackles these wild *polombes* with great avidity. He, moreover, declares the only way to knock one over is by shooting "two yards ahead." The Princesse de Sagan and her son, the Comte de Talleyrand-Perigord, are staying here, and both attended a very smart ball given at the Grand Hotel this week. "Whom have we here?" asked a newly-arrived critical Englishman as he walked into the ball-room. "Nobody under a duke except yourself, *mon ami*," was the tart reply of his companion; and, indeed, the remark, if scarcely deserved, was scarcely an exaggeration, for Biarritz at the moment is practically in occupation of peerage, "foreign and imported."

Excess luggage has always been a more or less sore subject with the average tourist, and railway and shipping companies have had a way of circumventing one's best efforts at economy until their charges have practically reduced mankind, though not lovely woman, to travel with no more than a tooth-brush and the classic paper collar. Not satisfied with this modesty of luggage, however, on the part of its clients, one enterprising firm of shippers lately charged on some brickbats which the astonished owner of a rug found strapped in his parcel. He had consigned a box and aforesaid travelling rug from Lucerne to Paris. On arrival, three full-grown brickbats were discovered securely strapped up in his rug. No one knows, of course, who put them there, but the aggrieved tourist does know that they appreciably increased the cost of transmission, and gives tearful advice to all about to travel which should certainly have a weighty effect in another sense on the unsuspecting *voyageur*.

The famous Saturday Concerts have started once again at the Crystal Palace, and the thirty-ninth series is wending its triumphant way, guided by the veteran August Manns. Those of us who recollect Mr. Manns in the time when he had just succeeded Sir Michael Costa, have seen his hair change from black to white; but that is the only trace left by the passing years. His beat is as firm, his ear as true as ever. Although Sir Joseph Barnby is *facile princeps* in conducting choral music, and Richter the chief of Wagnerian conductors, no living *chef d'orchestre* so nearly approaches them both as does August Manns, and his orchestra is one of the finest in the world. No matter whether they are attacking a symphony, a difficult operatic overture, or some lighter measure, the work of the performers is always clean and effective. How strongly they must object to Christmas, when the concerts are over for a while, and they have to support the pantomime, and accustom their unwilling ears to the hurdy-gurdy music of the barrel organs and the 'alls! Imagine the feelings of the musician who, after taking part in the "Pastoral Symphony," for example, on the Saturday, is compelled on the Monday to start pantomime rehearsal and face the terrors of "That's what she's done for me" and "After the Ball"! Such sufferers deserve, in consideration of their earthly trials, to be placed upon the free-list of Paradise, and to enter that happy realm with the saints and Pressmen.

A notable figure at the Church Congress, recently held at Exeter, was Sir John H. Kennaway, Bart., M.P., whose portrait I give herewith. Needless to say, he was quite in his element, as he has numerous friends among the clergy and a decidedly theological mind. In the course of the week he spoke on "How Best to Promote Religious Life in Everyday Life." Sir John is fifty-seven years of age; he entered Parliament as



SIR JOHN H. KENNAWAY, BART., M.P.

Conservative Member for East Devonshire in 1870, and since 1885 he has represented the Honiton Division of the county. At the present time he occupies somewhat the same position in the public eye as did that worthy combination of churchman and statesman, the late Sir R. N. Fowler. Sir John's is a familiar face at Exeter Hall, where he often presides over May Meetings, and he takes a very keen interest in missionary work.

I am pleased to see that Albert Gilmer is back in theatrical harness, this time at the Princess's Theatre. When he was "in front" at the Alhambra, I fancy that certain of us were more often in the house than we have been since, and it was questionable policy of the powers that rule over the destinies of the place to permit him to leave them.



THE POWDER PUFF.—HARRY A. MORRISON.
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

LIFEBOAT LOGS.*

Had the records of a Viking crew of old ever come to be written and all the wild adventure which filled the Sea Kings' days, I doubt if a more splendid page could be unfolded than that which tells the unvarnished tale of our British lifeboatmen to-day. Thousands of men and women are yearly dragged back from a deep-sea grave by those brave volunteers, who do their splendid work so constantly and with utter absence of ostentation that the tragedy of frequent shipwreck in which they live is almost unknown and unrealised by those outside the immediate radius of disaster. "A Book of the Lifeboat," which has just been compiled by J. C. Dibdin and J. Ayling, contains revelations of heroism and stirring sea stories which should be of deep interest to every dweller in our islands. Many who have before regarded lifeboats as a somewhat humane nautical apparatus composed chiefly of cork belts and Quixotism, will find their cold approval change to warm adherence as these simple stories of frantic storm and more splendid valour are read. Every page is rich in dramatic incident of peril and rescue, numerous illustrations giving realistic effect to the salt sea brine in which these narratives are steeped. No effort of adjective or rhodomontade has been used by the authors in describing the little-imagined horrors of a wintry coast. Each incident is told in the simple language of eye-witness or performer as it actually occurred, and it would be difficult to realise a more thrilling situation than one with which the book opens, where a concert is described as taking place at a little Lancashire watering-place in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and while songs and recitations were proceeding the local lifeboat crew entered the concert-hall, bringing with them five shipwrecked sailors who had half an hour before been battling outside with the winds and waves of cruel circumstance. The master of the lost vessel, being brought on the platform, told his story of their rescue to a deeply-excited audience; while, as a sequel to this incident, one reads of the loss, five days afterwards, of this entire lifeboat crew in a gallant forlorn hope off the same coast. Sketches of last winter's wrecks on the British coast are some out of many attractive illustrations, and one of special interest is



Photo by Miell and Ridby, Bristol.

A WELL-KNOWN BRISTOL CHANNEL LIFEBOAT-MAN.

the great gale off Dungeness in November last, where a rescue of shipwrecked sailors, who had hung for twelve hours in the rigging, is shown as at last successful. The perusal of this book should, indeed, influence

* "The Book of the Lifeboat." By J. C. Dibdin and John Ayling. London: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

many by its simple eloquence to practical sympathy with the lifeboat scheme, which has been one of the objects aimed at in its publication by its philanthropic and enthusiastic authors.

An illustrated sixpenny magazine called the *Lifeboat Saturday* has been simultaneously issued, which treats of similar subjects in several



"LIFEBOAT JACK."

Photo by D. Ker, Peel.

deeply interesting articles. A portrait of Sir Edward Birkbeck, who is trustee and chairman of the National Lifeboat Institution, is given. An interesting sketch of Mr. Macara, founder of the Lifeboat Saturday movement, follows, and a wreck chart of the British Isles for the winter of 1892-3 has a mournful fascination with its record of casualties represented by thickly-strewn dots around the English and Irish coasts. A tale of the Ramsgate lifeboat in stirring verse by the Rev. M. B. Moorhouse, M.A., is another notable item of this number, which concludes with a realistic description of a last winter storm, in which the velocity of raging winds and "thick darkness" of furious nights are graphically told by a gallant lifeboat-man.

Peel is the proud possessor of a lifeboat dog, for at the head of the ferry steps may be seen Lifeboat Jack, with the collecting-box round his neck. His interests may be said to be seafaring, for his master, Mr. Philip Cottier, is proprietor of the ferry. The dog began collecting for the local funds of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution on July 5 last (Tynwald Day), and he has already taken no less than £33, the largest coin having been a half-crown and the smallest a farthing.

LACE-PAPER COURTSHIPS.

Among many sweet and tender fashions of an earlier and simpler day, I often think it a pity that the lace-paper wooings of the valentine should have gone the broad way of forgetfulness. Nowadays the valentine is simply a member of the great card family which swarms over our breakfast tables at Christmas and the New Year, more abundant even than bills, and, for the most part, about as welcome. Anyone may send anybody one of these pasteboard tokens without significance on the one hand or misconception on the other. But the old lace-paper and roses of a former generation had no hesitancy of intention on their exterior. They were too elaborate and elegant to be sent without motive. These darts and hearts and arrows of the ambrosial Cupid left the fair recipient, indeed, no possible excuse for being puzzled over the problem of "whence" or "why." The heats and chills, too, with which we timid fellows sought to disguise our hand in addressing it, and yet not too cleverly—lest she should fail in discovering us—I, as an old man, can still remember. And the dear, sweet, ringletted being to whom this advance-guard of Hymen was directed! How tremblingly she received it at breakfast time, while the rest of the family felt more or less mixed up in the affair and fingered the precious packet or guessed in teasing giggles as to the sender, until the hurried escape was made at last to her own little white-robed virginal room, when the rhyming tyro's verses were tenderly pressed to panting lips, and the flimsy leaflet hidden away under the lightly-pressed pillow as a fairy talisman for sweet and joyous dreams. To-day it is not in single spies but whole regiments that our "cards" go forth. We purchase on the co-operative plan in "assorted lots," pack them as speedily as may be into the perfunctory envelopes, stamp them in hot haste, address them at a hand gallop, and send our indifferent flunkies to post them in the scarlet maws of that street-corner sphinx, the pillar-box, while the only one that, perchance, may take them seriously is the heavily-laden postman, who probably wishes that Christmas came not once in one but ten years, and that St. Valentine had never been canonised, while he distributes broadcast the tokens of love and friendship as we understand them, and finally takes his fagged and belated self home to a trebly-earned rest, forgetting alike the Cupid and Mammon with whom he has had an unconscious double-shuffle during all his quickly-trudged day.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE YEAR.

BY THÉRÈSE E. DESCOURS.

"No. 777. *Portrait of Miss Joyce Morley, by the late Valentine Congreve.*"

That was how it was described in the catalogue; there was little doubt that it would have made its mark in any case: the critics at once recognised it as the portrait of the year, and the general public would have appreciated the pretty face of the young actress without the element of pathos attached to the fact that the artist had not lived to see his work exhibited; but all these elements combined gave it a unique popularity, and it was the most crowded point in the crowded rooms of Burlington House from opening till closing time.

And yet, curiously enough, the two persons whom it should have interested most had never been to see it; neither Mrs. Congreve nor Miss Joyce Morley had made one of the crowd round it, either at the private view or on any more public occasion.

Miss Morley gave a little shudder when people asked her if she had been, and they thought her exquisitely sensitive or foolishly sentimental, according to their age and disposition, when she declared that she hoped she should never see the portrait again.

"But you really should come and see it, Molly," Edward Ferrers had said to Mrs. Congreve; "you ought to come with me."

"Don't ask me," she answered, turning away her head; "you cannot think how awful it would be to me; you don't know what it brings back."

And the art critic felt sorry for the little woman, so pale and wan in her widow's weeds, as he remembered the tragedy that had followed close upon the completion of her husband's masterpiece. The young artist's sudden and awful death must have been a terrible blow to the girl, for she was little more, in spite of her five years of married life, and as he watched her moving about the drawing-room he thought how bravely she had borne it. "Poor little thing," he murmured, "poor child! It must be terribly lonely, Molly," he added aloud. "Why don't you have someone to stay with you? Haven't you any cousin or friend who could come to you?"

Mrs. Congreve shook her head. "I don't want anyone."

"You used to be such a sociable little soul; however, you know best. By-the-way, I don't like to bother you, you know, Molly, but I must go through those papers of poor Val's; I'm his executor, and—"

"Yes, I know. When would you like to come?"

"Any time you like—now."

"No, not now," said Mrs. Congreve quickly.

"Very well, to-morrow morning?"

"If you like, everything is in the studio."

"Then, shall we say ten o'clock?" and Ferrers rose. He was an old friend of the Congreves, and had known them both before their marriage. He was very sorry for Molly, and would gladly have

done something to help her. If she had cried and sobbed, he might have been able to comfort her in some way, but her self-possession baffled him, and yet as she faced him to say good-bye the lines on her young face, the listlessness of her eyes touched him.

"I wish you'd go away, Molly, or do something," he said, half-impatiently. "You look dreadful."

"Well, I was never a beauty, you know, Ted," she answered, with a smile; "but don't forget your books," she added, handing him a small parcel he had left on the table.

"Yes; those are designs for Miss Morley's dresses in the new play."

"Oh!" Mrs. Congreve looked at him a moment, and then held out her hand. "Good-bye. At ten to-morrow, then!"

She waited until she heard the house-door close, then she made her way to the studio. For a moment she stood in the doorway, a strange look in her face, then she walked to the large empty easel, which stood in the full light, the palette and brushes still uncleaned by its side.

She remembered distinctly how she had stood there six months before, when Joyce Morley had given her her first sitting. Molly had thought her beauty perfect, and had built golden hopes upon the success of the portrait. She recalled the pleasant afternoons while the work grew under Val's brush, and then—and then? Molly turned away and unlocked a drawer in the bureau, but her memories went on in spite of herself. How could they do otherwise while she held that letter in her hand?

The sittings were over, the portrait was done, but Joyce was a constant presence in the house. Her duties at the theatre were not heavy. "She wanted an advertisement," she used to say laughingly, and the portrait would help her when it was exhibited.

It was a beautiful picture. Molly had gone into the studio that afternoon and looked at it. In a few days it was to be sent away. It would be accepted and hung on the line: these had been the last words as she left the room.

She had gone out happy, without a care; when she returned the frightened, white-faced servant had whispered the terrible news—"Master had been cleaning his gun; it had gone off, and—and—"

The darkened room into which they had carried him, the lifeless form, all the hideous paraphernalia of violent death, rose before her eyes. She did not try to shut it out. Looking back, it seemed to her that that terrible moment of desolation, of wild, passionate, loving regret was the last happy one of her life.

A tear dropped on the paper she held in her hand, and her memories once more took up the tale.

Late that night, when well-meaning comforters had left her in peace, she had come to the studio, lighted the lamps, and sat down close to where she had last seen him, to try and realise it all.

Suddenly her eyes fell on a crumpled piece of paper: mechanically she had picked it up and read—

"MY DEAR VAL,—What you ask is impossible. Yes, of course I love you, but to run away would be too absurd. To begin with, what should we live on? And then think how the good people would shun



Suddenly her eyes fell on a crumpled piece of paper.

us, and what should we do with ourselves if nobody asked us out? Besides, I'm making a name; people are beginning to talk about me. When they see your portrait they'll do so more; I mean to be a success, you know. Now, don't be romantic and ridiculous. What you say about Molly is nonsense; she has not the least suspicion, so what does it matter? Let's just go on as we are, and then when you get tired, or I do, why, nobody's any the wiser or any the worse, and we can just go our own ways, without any fuss.

"I shall see you to-morrow.—JOYCE."

Even now Molly started to her feet with the same impulse that had moved her then, when the woman's picture had stood on the easel, to trample it under foot, tear it to shreds, burn it, destroy it somehow; her hands had gone out in blind fury, then something—she scarcely knew what—had arrested her. No! it should go through to the end; the woman should have her advertisement. What did it matter, after all?

"What did anything matter?" she thought now again, as she glanced at the letter in her hand. Suppose she had let Ferrers come in just now, and he had found this among the other papers, where would have been the harm? He would only—yes, that was it—he would have pitied her, and the next moment the note was in a hundred pieces all around her. No one should ever pity her, only she herself should know that life, love, hope, and trust had all been wrecked for an advertisement, and as she spoke the last word aloud Molly sank sobbing on the ground.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Before these remarks are in print the question of the Empire promenade will probably be settled for a year, or for a longer period. But it may be permitted to an impartial observer, who holds neither Empire nor Alhambra shares, to make a few comments on the extreme folly displayed by many of the parties concerned in the present dispute. Perhaps the most remarkable specimen was the case presented by the virtuous Mrs. Ormiston Chant. A person with a name like that, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk, is capable of anything. This worthy lady attired herself in her smartest evening dress and visited the Empire promenade, with the result that two persons spoke to her, and at once apologised. The lady does not seem to see that her action goes far to giving away her own case. She has proved that a lady can go to the Empire promenade in evening dress with the best possible motives and without committing or causing any indecorum. What right had she to assume that other ladies, similarly engaged, were any less virtuous than herself? For aught that she can prove, the female promenaders were all professional philanthropists, occupied in supervising one another's morals. If her own action had been interpreted as she interprets the similar actions of others, Mr. Ormiston Chant would now be petitioning for a decree *nisi*.

The Licensing Committee was resolved, however, not to be left behind in the race of ineptitude. Its members have established a record for capricious and inconsequent injustice that could hardly be matched even by Parliament. On previous occasions when the licenses of music-halls have come under the consideration of the wise men of Spring Gardens, the advantages of the Empire and the Alhambra with respect to promenades, and of those of other halls with respect to the sale of refreshments in the auditorium have been suffered to continue, though the efforts of the Palace Theatre of Varieties to gain similar privileges have been rebuffed, on what principle it is impossible to say. Now the restrictions imposed on the Palace are extended to the Empire, but the Alhambra escapes, on what principle it is more than ever impossible to say. It is sufficiently obvious that if the Empire loses its promenade and the Alhambra retains its own, the persons, objectionable or otherwise, who resorted to the Empire lounge will go to the nearest similar place, which is, of course, the Alhambra promenade. So obvious is this fact that the decision of the Licensing Committee brought up Alhambra shares with a run, though not as far as it depressed Empire shares. The effect of the decision for the current year will be that the Empire, having fairly out-distanced its rival in attractiveness, is to be heavily handicapped. Where is the justice in such an arrangement?

And to complete the circle, the defenders of the music-halls have often given themselves away by talking sickly sentimentality about the persons who frequent the Empire promenade. They are very well able, in most cases, to take care of themselves. They will distribute themselves over other music-halls; if these be shut, some will go to the regular theatres, and others to various bogus clubs that will be formed. And if the Empire be closed, the morality of London will be, perhaps, slightly better in consequence of diminished temptation to some of our gilded youth, and slightly worse in consequence of the sudden distribution of a considerable number of girls and women. And music-halls will cease to be an investment of any security, seeing that their profits will depend on the caprice of a body of men whose decisions are consistent only in inconsistency.

The proper ground for the defenders of music-halls to take is to stand up for the liberty of British subjects. There are certain actions which are immoral—such as lying, drinking to excess, &c.—but which the law only punishes when they interfere with the liberty, legal rights, or comfort of other persons than those who commit the immoral acts. When others are injured, what was merely vicious becomes criminal; but till that point is reached, or till the law is changed, the vicious person cannot equitably be interfered with; and, further, it is contrary to the spirit of the law to attempt to prohibit by a side wind actions which, however reprehensible, are not illegal. This is what ardent reformers never seem able to see. All means, the most exaggerated assertions, the most pettifogging objections, the sharpest of sharp practice, seem right to them. Their zeal for the good end blinds them to the more than doubtful means. They will get up bogus-crimes in order to prove the possibility of real crimes.

It is time that a plain line was drawn between what is illegal and what is merely immoral—a line which should be laid down on the limits of individual liberty. So long as persons frequenting the promenades of music-halls preserve ordinary decorum, and abstain from breaches of the law, there is so sound pretext for interfering with them. Those who led the assault on the Empire and other places of recreation and refreshment did, indeed, allege some breaches of the law, but to persons with any elementary notion of the rules of evidence they must have seemed far indeed from proving any case. One after another they betrayed a complete ignorance or an obvious animus which in any Court of Justice would have rendered their testimony valueless.

And even if all the charges were proved, has it ever occurred to these ardent reformers to compare the music-hall or restaurant at its worst with the streets outside at their best? And, by a singular inconsistency, those who assail places where some decorum is enacted bitterly oppose any attempt by the police to reduce the howling pandemonium of the streets to order. What should we think of a temperance lecturer who should ignore the existence of gin, and lead a crusade against Curaçoa and Chartreuse?

MARMITON.

A BEAUTIFUL DOG.

The famous bloodhound Boadicea, which is the property of Mr. Alfred Bowker, has a most successful record. She has been awarded three first prizes at the Crystal Palace Show, the Crystal Palace Champion Cup, and



BOADICEA.

the Kennel Club silver medal. For the interest of "doggy" folks, it is worth saying that Boadicea is by Champion Darby out of Plaintiff, and her pedigree is proudly traced back to Captain Clayton's magnificent Luath XI. She is a finely-marked tan-and-black, and well-nigh perfect in form and feature.

MRS. OSCAR BERINGER AT HOME.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer is admittedly one of the most popular and gracious leaders of that bright literary and artistic portion of London society yecept "Bohemia." The wife of a distinguished musician, mother of three charming daughters—two of whom have already won laurels on the stage—a son who merits mention as a rising young journalist, and herself a story-writer, a playwright, and the adaptress of one of the most successful plays seen for many a long year, she starts with many advantages denied to less fortunate hostesses, and the informal Sunday gatherings in Hinde Street leave many pleasant memories to those who are fortunate enough to find themselves on Mrs. Oscar Beringer's visiting list.

I found my hostess (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) in her pretty study-boudoir, a cosy room, arranged rather with a view to work

than play, yet bright with flowers and the thousand-and-one trifles which betray the touch of a feminine hand, and which seem in themselves to compose what the French style a sympathetic atmosphere. Many mementoes of old and new friends surround the inlaid bureau at which Mrs. Beringer writes her psychological studies of love and life. Its motto is a sentence written by Clement Scott, "Human Nature, the Be-all and End-all of the best dramatic work." A fine portrait with an affectionate dedication from "Madge" (Kendal) hangs close to not the least among Mrs. Beringer's treasures—that is, a collection of all the photographs taken of her daughter Vera as Little Lord Fauntleroy. And yet these charming, childish counterfeit presentments bear but little resemblance to the demure young maiden who, now immersed in schoolroom joys and sorrows, can only remember her stage experience as a kind of delightful dream.

"Yes," Mrs. Beringer observed, smiling, in answer to a half-question, "it was a daring experiment to plunge into management unprepared. Theatrically speaking, I was so verdant that if I had sat out in a meadow the cows would have come and eaten me. But, you see, I also possessed the courage of innocence, which sometimes carries one more successfully over thin ice than any amount of knowledge. Moreover, you see, I was lucky enough to 'strike oil' in my first venture. I took Terry's Theatre for five afternoons 'with option of renewal,' and this is how I became a manager."

"Then you have nothing but good to say of management?"

"Well, it is a very arduous life, only fitted for those with an unlimited capacity for work and an untiring enthusiasm. I sum up my experience in the words: 'In theatrical management, as in everything else, the secret of success is to do everything that you can do yourself.' People who sit in front and, as often as not, criticise every little detail do no not realise how hard is the life of a manager. Work must begin quite early, and can never be over till the last person has left the theatre at night. By-the-way, some of my most amusing and also fatiguing experiences in this kind of work were concerned with the perusal of manuscripts. I think in my brief career as manageress I must have come across every type of the Great Unacted."

"I believe you are yourself a successful playwright, Mrs. Beringer?"

"Before I began to write at all it was always my ambition to write for the stage," she answered, "and my first play, 'Tares,' which was produced under the management of Mrs. Kendal at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, may be said to have been the first of the psychological dramas with which we are now so familiar. Forbes-Robertson, Kate Rorke, and

Gertrude Kingston were in the cast at the Opéra Comique, where the play ran just upon a hundred nights. 'Katherine Kavanagh,' written in collaboration with Miss Graves, was very successfully played by the Kendals throughout America. Then, you know, there was 'Prince and Pauper' and 'Holly-Tree Inn,' in which Vera made her last appearance as a child, and 'That Girl,' in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton, at the Haymarket, and Miss Geneviève Ward's production of 'Bess' at a St. James's *matinée*, which afforded my second daughter, Esnié, now acting, under Mr. Weedon Grossmith's management at the Vaudeville, her first good part. And there are plays of mine to come, I hope, in the near future. The dramatist's profession is an admirable school to learn patience in," added Mrs. Beringer, with a quizzical smile; "but it never does to lose courage. *Tout vient à qui sait attendre.*"

"And what would be your advice to would-be dramatists?"

"To begin with, anyone wishing to write for the stage should learn

his trade at the wings or on the boards. I will not say often, but now and again among the countless plays submitted to me there would be the germ of a dramatic idea, which, worked out by one familiar with the requirements of the stage, might have developed into something of dramatic value."

"Did you have any special literary training?"

"No; my childhood was a very peculiar one. Its early years were passed in the States, California, and Mexico. I can clearly remember my mother and myself being the only white woman and child in a remote little Mexican village, and living in hourly dread of hostile Indians 'coming down' on us. I am also haunted by dim, tantalising memories of riding after the cattle, of mining camps, and of rough, kindly, chivalrous miners, who employed their leisure hours in making toys for the solitary little English child in their midst. Then came a long spell of study and voracious reading. Sixteen saw me engaged to be married; at twenty I had been married two years. I did not write a word until I was twenty-seven. Then I sat down to learn, and began by translating several foreign works, mainly dealing with musical subjects, such as Schumann's Letters, Berlioz's 'Liszt,' &c. I also turned into English 'Beloved of the Gods,' a Danish novel, probably the first Scandinavian book of the kind ever published over here, for it is pre-Ibsen and pre-Björnson. I also wrote an original story in two volumes, 'A Left-handed

Marriage.' Lately I have given up a good deal of time to short stories, a form of literature which is peculiarly attractive to me."

"What country can really claim you, then, Mrs. Beringer?"

"All, and none. I was born in America, and I can boast of a mixture of English, Irish, Spanish, and French blood."

"And how do you find time to get through so much work, and yet play so important a part on the world's stage?" I inquired.

"I am fortunate enough to possess an extraordinary amount of vitality, and I am very fond of work. Nothing bores me so much as mental or physical vegetation. You know, I come on both sides of the house of soldiering stock: my grandfather, General John Daniell, at one time commanded Fort William, Calcutta, and my father was an old soldier in the Queen's Royals. I believe in both work and play, and I have never found that any of my own special pursuits interfered with my home pleasures and duties."

With these cheery words ringing in my ears, I bade what I hoped would be a short "*Au revoir*" to one of the most charming and gifted women it is often my lot to meet.



Photo by H. S. Mendelsohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MRS. OSCAR BERINGER.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXX.—MR. THOMAS CATLING AND "LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER."

When I received a letter from Mr. Catling, in which he said that he would see me with pleasure at 12, Salisbury Square—"the house in which Richardson wrote 'Pamela' and part of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' in which



Photo by H. Walter, West Strand, W.C.

MR. THOMAS CATLING.

Oliver Goldsmith acted as his reader—I had an idea at once of one of the delightful old houses with wide staircases, oak panelling everywhere, plaster ceilings beautifully moulded by Italian workmen, and even one of the fine carved white marble mantelpieces that have been superseded by the black horrors of the modern builder. Consequently, I wandered round and round Salisbury Square, once Salisbury Court—I had forgotten the number—looking for something less modern than the red-brick building with handsome elevation in the north-west corner of the trapezium. At last, however, I condescended to ask a policeman, and he told me that the modern building was the office of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. In a few minutes I found myself in an "editor's room," with Mr. Thomas Catling, the grave, but kindly-looking, bearded editor whose photograph appears above.

"We are in a rather untidy state," said Mr. Catling to me, "for it is difficult to be tidy when one is bringing out nearly a million copies of a paper a week and rebuilding is going on at the same time."

I did not pretend to dispute the statement of the editor of *Lloyd's*, either as to the untidiness, or the difficulty of avoiding it under the circumstances, so I asked him what was the matter of peculiar interest to readers of *The Sketch* that he had mentioned in his letter to me.

"It concerns our first numbers and the *Illustrated London News*," he said, "and is interesting to *The Sketch*, as it touches its parent, the *News*. If you go to the British Museum, and ask for the first number of *Lloyd's*, they will give you a file beginning with No. 8. If you press for the earlier numbers, you will find them bound up with the *Illustrated London News*. Here is the first number, dated Nov. 27, 1842. Now you see the reason."

I found a rather small paper called *Lloyd's Illustrated London Paper*, with a wood-block heading almost identical with that which for years served for the *Illustrated London News*. The paper was illustrated throughout.

"You see now," he remarked, "the closeness of the resemblance; it can hardly be called accidental. There were some unstamped earlier numbers, but the *News* managed to stop the issue of them. We have no copies. After the first seven numbers, Mr. Lloyd gave up the illustrations,

because he could not get a supply of blocks, so No. 8 came-out as an un-illustrated newspaper, rather larger than the earlier numbers, and at the price of twopence halfpenny instead of twopence. You must remember that there was the one penny stamp duty till 1855, and the paper duty till 1861. You will notice on our Jubilee Number, 'No taxes on knowledge,' 'More light' (Goethe), and 'Stamped, sixty columns, 3d.; free, 120 columns, 1d.' The early history of the paper was a tremendous financial fight."

"Douglas Jerrold was really the originator, was he not?" I asked. "There is the story of his looking in at the newspaper shop of Mr. Edward Lloyd, and suggesting that if Mr. Lloyd would start a paper he would edit it."

"Pure fiction," replied Mr. Catling, "though the tale has appeared in print, and is even in Mr. Hatton's book. Douglas Jerrold did not become editor till 1852. Mr. Ball was the first editor. Then came Mr. William Carpenter, author of 'Biblica Scientia,' a religious book, still popular in America, of 'The People's Peerage,' and of a series of printed 'Political Letters,' for issuing which unstamped he was fined £120. He was followed by Douglas Jerrold, after the failure of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*. Douglas Jerrold was an able, conscientious editor, who took great pride and interest in the paper. On his death in 1857, his son Blanchard took his place. As a dramatic critic, you must know 'Cool as a Cucumber,' and other dramatic works of his. He continued as editor till 1884, and then I took his place."

"You must tell me something about your own life," I said.

"It has been very uneventful. I come from Cambridge, where my father was a botanist and horticulturist of considerable reputation. I was born on Sept. 23, 1838. At first, after leaving school, I went into the printing department of a local paper. In the spring of 1854 I came to London full of hope and ambition. I answered an advertisement of Mr. Edward Lloyd's for some one to aid in the composing-room, and was engaged at once. From the first I made myself useful in a sub-editorial way. My first out-of-door work was on the occasion of the Prince Consort's fatal illness, when I went down to Windsor for news on Dec. 14, 1861. I was the only journalist down there, and I had great difficulty in wiring my message, as I could not use the Castle telegraph. In 1866 I took charge as sub-editor, with sole conduct of the news department. I have had a large experience in every department, since I constantly supplement the work of my representatives by my own investigation. I remember once on a time when a famous murderer was arrested I went to the police station for particulars. He was brought in by two detectives, and one of them said, 'Our duties are fulfilled by bringing you here, but, before you go inside, try one of these, I know you'll like them.' With that, he pulled out his cigar-case, and we four sat together, smoking, and chatting about general subjects. The criminal, who was convicted a little while later, seemed the coolest of the quartet."

Of course, I asked something about the editor's habits. He is not a teetotaler or vegetarian, does not ride a "bike," is fond of walking, likes a quiet game of whist, and can amuse himself at billiards. He has done his duty to his country by being father of four sons and five daughters. The eldest son, Thomas Thurgood Catling, is now sub-editor of the paper. He has been trained thoroughly as a journalist, and, for the purpose, was educated partly in France. For ten years he has done sub-editing work, and now is second in command. Another son has become a journalist, and at present is sub-editor of the *Morning Herald* of Newcastle, the mining district of New South Wales.

"I want to tell you about the bishops," remarked my subject.

"The bishops?"

"What about them?"

"Well, some time ago I thought that as a Sunday paper it might be well if we published in each issue a short address of a serious character; so I asked a bishop—never mind which—to do us one. However, he boggled over it; so I went straight to head quarters and appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury; he was very kind, gave me a long interview, and wrote a paper for us. See, here is a copy."

"Since then," he continued, "we have had a short sermon every week. No less than twenty bishops have written for us, to say nothing of deans, archdeacons, and other members of the hierarchy, and yet the Lord's Day Observance Society attacks us on account of our Sunday work."



Photo by Dall, Regent Street.

MR. T. T. CATLING, JUN.

"Of course, I know that the chief Sunday work is for Monday papers. What time do you go to press?"

"You know, we've five editions: one on Thursday, one Friday, two Saturday, and one Sunday. Only the last is sold in London, and so much of it is re-made up that it is, substantially speaking, a new paper. Well, practically all the work is done by about midnight on Saturday, and I and the staff and compositors leave, and all that remains to be done is the running of the machines. If anything important happens late—a Lyceum 'first night'—then some of us stay till one o'clock—that's all."

"I believe that Mr. Northcott helps you in the dramatic criticism for the paper?"

"Yes; but I still do the more important plays. How long have I done them? Since the spring of 1866. My predecessor was Edward Laman Blanchard, the 'Little Tippet' of whom Thackeray speaks. Did you ever read Lord Lytton's 'Biography of Laman Blanchard,' Douglas Jerrold's friend? It's a rather rare, but very interesting, sympathetic work. 'First nights' weren't then such fashionable functions as now—in fact, people wouldn't go to them. You asked a man to come, and he would answer, 'Oh! if it's a new piece, I'll wait and see what the papers say before I go.' When Laman left we advertised in the *Athenæum* for a critic, and got sixty-six replies, many offering to do the work for nothing. However, I undertook it, and have kept to it ever since. It used to be an easier task in those days, for we went to press on the Wednesday, the day generally chosen for 'first nights,' so our notice did not come out till the Saturday week. Now we're more up to date."

"Of course, you use vastly different machinery?"

"Rather! Why, we used only to print one side at a time, and worked so slowly that sometimes on the second side we had to contradict the matter already printed on the first. We had only Stanhope machines, and printed on the flat from type. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was always of the opinion that publishing the latest news was the way to success, was the first to introduce the American Hoe machines to London. Now we've eight of them, each capable of turning out 24,000 copies folded and complete per hour, though we only run at 20,000 as the work is better at that speed."

"Do you use type-setting machines?" I asked.

"No, none. By-the-by, I told you the paper left off illustrations at the eighth number. Well, none appeared till the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852, when we published a four-page supplement, illustrated with views of the funeral and events of his life. I'm glad to say, for the credit of the public taste, that it was such an event, and not a murder case, that gave us a lift. Curiously enough, it happened that another run on the paper came from a death—that of the Duke of Clarence. Do I believe in anonymity in journalism? Not at all for important articles. Those written for me by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Froude, and other public men were signed. I put my name to my American articles when I had a delightful trip to the Chicago Exhibition last year. Dr Andrew Wilson's name appears with his weekly medical article, and, of course, our serials are signed. No, we have no regular lady contributor, but yet much of our fiction is from feminine pens."

I learnt from him that Mr. J. Northcott does the musical work. The books go to several hands for review. He announced that at the beginning of November they will commence a new serial story by Dr. Conan Doyle of great medical and mesmeric interest. In 1873 they were burnt out just before the close of the year, but the issue of the paper was not interrupted. After our talk, he took me over the buildings and showed me the eight huge machines and the "neatest boiler-house in London." When we went into the counting-house he suddenly asked for the certificate of last week's sale, and handed it to me. The total was no less than 852,150 copies, an increase of 68,660 on the corresponding week last year. "It is an average sale," said Mr. Catling. "A million is our goal at present, and we shall reach it soon."

MONOCLE.

THEATRE STREET, YOKOHAMA.

Just at present Japan's militant, rather than Japan's artistic, side is most prominent. It is good to turn from the more or less accurate accounts of the war to such a peaceful scene as is depicted below.



THEATRE STREET, YOKOHAMA.

"IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELLE."

LADY HELEN: *A smart woman.*

MRS. GREENWAYS: *An enthusiastic widow.*

SCENE: MADAME LETZ'S, a fashionable dressmaker in Dover Street.
The ladies meet at the door.

MRS. GREENWAYS. Why, we've not met since (*blushing*)—since Mr. Atherley's supper at the Savoy.

LADY HELEN. No; it was dull, wasn't it? But I didn't know you came to Letz.

MRS. GREENWAYS. I thought I'd try her for one dress. The price—

LADY HELEN. Yes; she's sticking it on a bit the last year or two. Beast! I make a point of making her wait for her bills.

MRS. GREENWAYS. But how well you're looking!

LADY HELEN (*suddenly interested*). Do you think so? I thought I looked hideously worried.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*smiling*). Worried? Worried in spangled net, and with three Malmaison roses on your head?

LADY HELEN. Oh! that's nothing. That's for Letz. She won't look at you if your not properly turned out.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*innocently*). You dress for your dressmaker, then?

[*The door is opened by a flunkey, who conducts them up a gilt staircase with a velvet-pile carpet to a drawing-room, with more gilt and velvet pile. MADAME LETZ'S patients sit about the room, while half-a-dozen abnormally developed young women in black silk stare at them as they listlessly handle some pieces of chiffon and artificial flowers.*]

LADY HELEN (*appealing to the first listless houri in black silk*). Do you think you could get Madame Letz to see me for a minute—only for a minute, to speak about the dress with the rose-leaf trimming for the Foreign Office to-morrow night? (*Turning to MRS. GREENWAYS.*) I know the wretch will keep me an hour and three-quarters; she always does—it's her way of putting on side.

MRS. GREENWAYS. Letz's seems as busy as a fashionable doctor.

LADY HELEN. Oh! more. A woman must see her dressmaker. She only goes to her doctor when she has time—not but what I ought to see mine.

MRS. GREENWAYS. You are not ill, surely?

LADY HELEN. My dear, I'm bothered to death! Letz and that other exasperating woman in Grafton Street haven't got an idea between them. They leave the whole worry of a dress to me. (*Earnestly.*) Now, would you have a rose-leaf flounce?

[*Chiffons for the next quarter of an hour.*]

MRS. GREENWAYS (*changing the subject with an effort*). And have you seen Mr. (*hesitating*)—Mr. Atherley since that night at the Savoy?

LADY HELEN. Seen him? My heavens, he worries me as much as this horrible woman Letz. He's always telegraphing or something, or making some impossible appointment.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*sighing*). He's always talking of you, Lady Helen.

LADY HELEN. I wish he wouldn't. It's horrid form.

MRS. GREENWAYS. Nothing Mr. Atherley does or could do would be in bad taste. (*Tenderly.*) I think he looks ill and worried.

LADY HELEN. What has a man to be worried about? If he were in my place now—

MRS. GREENWAYS. Different people worry about different things.

LADY HELEN. Goodness knows what men worry about! They seem to fume because you can't ride in the Park on the particular morning that your manœuvre comes at ten and your favourite masseuse at eleven. They are offended that you won't drive to Ranelagh the afternoon you take your Turkish bath. (*Sighs with intense self-pity.*) But heaven defend us from an exacting man!

MRS. GREENWAYS. I have always found Mr. Atherley most reasonable.

LADY HELEN. Reasonable! when he's actually written to say he will never speak to me again, will "give me up," if I don't give him an appointment to-day. To-day, of all days, when I've got to go to that little man out of Bond Street to see about that new French way of doing the hair, to say nothing of having a habit tried on, and this abominable gown here.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*turning pale*). Did Mr. Atherley actually write that—that he would give you up?

LADY HELEN. I can show you the letter.

[*Hunts for her pocket, with the usual result.*]

MRS. GREENWAYS. No, no! I never read other people's letters.

LADY HELEN. Well, it's there, in black-and-white, in my pocket, or the pocket of the carriage, or somewhere or other. The man must be an idiot, or think I'm one. Why, if I were to give way to his whims I should never have time to get a thing to wear. I haven't as it is. (*Distractedly.*) If I could only decide about the flounce!

MRS. GREENWAYS. Suppose this isn't a whim? Suppose he's in earnest for once?

LADY HELEN. Bah! He got over being put off last week, and the week before. He'll get over it again, I imagine.

[*MADAME LETZ rustles through the rooms at this instant, and gives MRS. GREENWAYS a stare and LADY HELEN two fingers. For an instant, the listless houris make a feint of being attentive to the customers. When she disappears, the scene as before.*]

MRS. GREENWAYS (*earnestly*). Lady Helen, how long have you known Mr. Atherley?

LADY HELEN. Six weeks; perhaps seven.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*proudly*). I have known him seven years. If you knew him as I do, you would know you couldn't play with him. You would be serious.

LADY HELEN. Serious! That's what he's always preaching. (*Drumming on the table. To herself.*) If I could only decide on the shoulder-straps and the edging of the skirt, the rest of the thing would be easy. I wish Letz would come! I shall never get to my tailor's or to the little man about my hair. (*Fawns.*) By-the-bye, Mrs. Greenways, Mr. Atherley is always saying that you are his ideal woman—the sort of woman he would go to in any distress or trouble. It's fun, isn't it? You see, whatever happens, you are sure to be in at the dénouement.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*dreamily*). Did he say that? Did he actually say that? (*Recollecting herself.*) But he has never come yet, I assure you.

LADY HELEN. He will if we ever marry.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*to herself*). He shall come to me before that if I've a particle of influence left.

LADY HELEN. He talks of nothing but your sweetness and sympathy, you know.

MRS. GREENWAYS. He talks of nothing but your beauty, Lady Helen.

LADY HELEN (*bored*). How do you keep a man's respect? I don't seem to do it, somehow.

MRS. GREENWAYS. How do you retain a man's love?

LADY HELEN. Oh, by simply not returning it.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*thoughtfully*). That only answers for a time.

LADY HELEN. An eternity, I assure you. It's like the advent of Letz. (*Feels again for her pocket: success at last.*) Oh, here's the letter and the telegram I wrote out and forgot to send. (*Reads the postscript and begins to laugh.*) Dear me, I didn't notice this! He says he'll wait in his chambers till I reply, "as it is the last he will ever require of me."

MRS. GREENWAYS (*starting up*). How long has he been waiting, Lady Helen?

LADY HELEN. Not much longer than we've been here; an hour or two.

MRS. GREENWAYS. That's an intolerable time for a man, intolerable.

[*An opening of doors and a rustle of silk follows, in which the abnormally-developed young women put on an appearance of languid interest in LADY HELEN. One of them affably offers her a twelve-guinea trail of roses.*]

LADY HELEN (*immersed in thought*). I think I shall decide on the roses. But here's Madame Letz. (*To MRS. GREENWAYS.*) Everything comes to an end, you see.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*with sudden decision*). My visit has, I know.

LADY HELEN. You're going? You are actually not going to wait for your dress? (*In a whisper.*) You don't know when you'll get hold of Letz again.

MRS. GREENWAYS (*coldly*). I can't wait. I have to go to the telegraph office.

LADY HELEN. Oh, if you must go, perhaps you will be good enough to take my wire to Mr. Atherley saying I am not at home this afternoon?

MRS. GREENWAYS (*quietly taking the telegram*). Yes. I have to send one to him myself.

LADY HELEN (*turning from the group of women, astonished*). To say what, dearest?

MRS. GREENWAYS (*as she escapes to the door*). To say that I am, that's all.

MARION HEPPWORTH DIXON.

LOVE'S SILENT SONG.

*Dans le silence l'ange répond au cœur pieux,
C'est en silence que la prière monte aux cieux,
L'âme en silence songe à son immortalité
Et la voix de l'éternité
C'est le silence.*

LE CONTE DE LAGARDE.

Love, let us sing no more to-night,
Come and sit here by me;
Quietly watch, as fades the light
Over the quiet sea.

Not e'en the songs we hold most dear
Love's inmost shrine can reach,
'Tis in the hush his voice we hear—
Silence is Love's own speech:

Sweet are the songs of bird and brook,
Heard in the month of June;
Sweeter by far Love's wordless song,
Set to a silent tune.

Love, let us talk no more to-night,
Let us Love's altar seek;
Only when words have ceased to flow
Soul unto soul doth speak.
Silent, as pray'rs to Heav'n arise,
So let our love-talk be,
Even as He doth speak with us
Over the silent sea.

Sweet are the songs of bird and brook,
Heard in the month of June;
Sweeter by far Love's wordless song,
Set to a silent tune.

MARK AMBIENT.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown has, perhaps, been more fortunate in the appreciation which has been freely given him since his death than he was during his curious lifetime. When he was alive it was the fashion to depreciate him far below any average demerit which might have been attributed to him. Since his death the fashion has been to praise him in season and out of season. Perhaps the time may come before very long when, with the disappearance of an impressive personality, it will be possible to judge him with calmness, and to appraise the precise position which he is destined to hold, we will not say among the artists of the world, but among the artists of his own nation.

"Christ Washing Peter's Feet" has now been committed to the trust of the National Gallery by the assistance of subscribers who have an admiration, if of a posthumous nature, for the work of this artist. And their subscriptions have done more than merely purchase this canvas for the National Gallery, as well as "The Body of Harold brought to the Conqueror," which now hangs in the South London Gallery, but also to buy several large drawings by the same artist, which have been presented to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to the public gallery at Manchester, and to divers art schools at Leeds, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and South Kensington. With these purchases the fund closes. The rest is silence.

The publication of the first number of *Lika Joko*, Mr. Harry Furniss's new paper, is naturally an interesting fact in the English art world. We will consider later the actual merit of the periodical, as it appeals to one in its first number; our immediate concern may be with the extraordinary review of Mr. Du Maurier's novel, "Trilby," published in the shape of an open letter, from the supposed pen of Mr. Whistler.

It was, let us own, a humorous idea to imagine Mr. Whistler reviewing the book. And, if we grant that the review is cruel, mordant, unjust, it would be impossible to deny to it its extraordinary wit, its masterly carefulness, its finished sense of style. In the face of so bitingly delicious a piece of mere literary work, one is even inclined to forget the feelings of Mr. Du Maurier. The vanity of it, too, is so sublime, so effectively impressive—not in the customary way of literary vanity—that one even forgives this sentence, which surely, being forgiven, deserves an immortality of its own—

The plains of popularity are bestrewn with skeletons of the men of many editions; . . . there are Tosti the tinkling and Ivan Caryll, *né* Tilkins; . . . Quilter, the 'Arry, and Hamerton, the 'Arriet, of art criticism; with countless other mediocrities. Upon these we look pitifully down from the everlasting hills—Beethoven, Velasquez, and I.

If this and that which follows are totally undeserved, either by Mr. Du Maurier or by these others, it would be ridiculous to deny wit to its sharp and incisive cruelty. It has some of the very essence of wit in



"IN CÆLO QUIES."—PERCY S. LANKESTER.

In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.



THE CROFTER'S HOME.—STEWART SMITH.

In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

its careful, considered, grimly humorous language. Still, let us acknowledge that the writer is not incapable of generosity—more than can be said of some reviewers—in his appreciation of Mr. Du Maurier's better qualities. He writes—

I forgive you these things. I forgive you even the metamorphosis of Joe Sibley, for your other worthier gifts, *les trois Angliches*, the Laird, Taffy, and Little Billee, "Soldiers Three" of the Quartier Latin of days gone by; above all, for the adorable Trilby. After this, it matters little whether you discovered Oscar, or whether Oscar discovered you, or which was the most valuable discovery. For all old fellows of Bohemia you have re-discovered the old cult—the cult of Trilbyism. *Mes compliments, cher maître!*

That is better.

For the rest, one must not judge *Lika-Joko* by its first number, which scarcely succeeds in being funnier than the average number of *Punch*. The *tour de force* of the number is a large cartoon, in which Mr. Furniss represents himself, headless and in quaint costume, with half-drawn sword, prepared to do summary justice to a host of cowering and bound evil principles—anarchy, fraud, blackmailing, and the rest of the commonplace list of modern objectionableness.

The list of the distinctions awarded to those British artists who exhibited at Antwerp this year has an official and unsurprising sound about it. Mr. Alma-Tadema and Sir John E. Millais have received diplomas and



BLIND.—W. GILL.
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

medals of honour; while Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and Mr. Henry Moore have obtained medals of the First Class. All these artists, excepting, perhaps, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, are by this time so accustomed to honours of this nature that the news is not likely to make any particular sensation, even in the families of the artists themselves.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have just achieved something in the way of colour printing which is more than merely interesting—it is unique. The combination of variety in colour and softness in effect is one of striking and uncommon value. Here, for example, is the reproduction of Mr. Walter Severn's picture, "The Loch of the Yellow Fairy." The water, with its infinite contrasts of colour, from pale greys to deep blues, covered with lovely flowers reposing on the surface, is reproduced with amazing fidelity and skill. The sky, perhaps, lacks light somewhat, and gives one an impression of blue pigment rather than of flooding sunshine; but the cold, green hills and the pale pink expanse of flowers are, in effect, just what the painter intended them to be.

Two handsome paintings by Guido Bach, "A Neapolitan Fish-boy" and "A Child from the Campagna," are similarly reproduced, with large and broad effects of colour. The brown flesh, the red

cap, the black hair, and the golden earrings are all finely and strikingly reproduced in the first, and the gentle combinations of greens and blues in the second are no less impressive and interesting. A series of flower studies by Bertha Maguire are equally admirable in reproduction, and compel one to open congratulation.

The third volume of "The Yellow Book" is, so far as its art is concerned, no less peculiar and eclectic than the first two volumes. The three illustrations—they are called "three pictures"—by Mr. Walter Sickert will, doubtless, attract more attention than any others in the book, and not undeservedly. The first, "Collins's Music-Hall, Islington," is of the three by far the worst. Impressionism is well, and very well, when it is the sincere impression of the artist, who has set himself to make its record. But we regret to say that in this instance Mr. Sickert does not persuade us of the sincerity of his own impression. And when that is said all is said.

The second illustration, "The Lion Comique," is far more interesting, and, indeed, possesses some genuine humour. Here, once more, things are impressionary, but they are none the less persuasive. One realises the atmosphere, the absurd contrast between this unrestrained vocalist and his background, beyond the dim veranda, of pale waters, shining sails, and dark hills. This is to convince, not to play with, your public. The third is practically a portrait of Mr. Penley as "Charley's Aunt," and it succeeds in capturing everything of that amazing personage save Mr. Penley's humour. That diabolical keenness, that sharp, incisive terseness which especially distinguish Mr. Penley's characterisation, are, in the illustration sacrificed for a gentle smile, a languid humour. In a word, the portrait is only funny when you know who it is; then memory comes to your assistance. Without such knowledge its humour is mild. Nevertheless, it is clever.

A portrait of Andreas Mantegna by Philip Broughton, published as a kind of secondary frontispiece, has a fine kind of distinction. It is a pity, perhaps, that, according to the dates given archaically below, the career of Mantegna should have been supposed to last for the brief space of fifteen years, for the portrait is of quite an aged man; but that does not affect the excellence of the work.

The Louvre is slowly increasing its treasures, a Hoppner portrait having been recently added to the collection, as well as a landscape attributed to Louis Moreau. To these must be added a Flemish picture of the "Mater Dolorosa"—that sad subject of the Virgin holding the dead Christ upon her knees—and drawings by L. Boivin and Monnier.

An English architect, Mr. E. O. Sachs, has been entrusted with the designing of an enormous aquarium for the delectation of visitors to and the population of Ostend. The architect had a very curious task to perform, owing to technical and military difficulties, which it would be superfluous to explain. Suffice it to say that Mr. Sachs has decided, in the face of his difficulties, to allow his work to assume the form of a "diminished eseritoire," so we are informed. What the resultant merit may be, future visitors to Ostend must judge.



THE ROWDY-DOWDY BOYS.—ERNEST DOUWRA.
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

A ST. MORITZ MORNING,—BY CAPTAIN F. A. BLIGH.

In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.



A ST. MORITZ MORNING.—BY CAPTAIN F. A. BLIGH.

In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.



THE VESTAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

"CATS AND KITTENS."*

Only once in a century, and, perhaps, not even thereabouts, is it given the privileged few to shed new light and fresh conditions of interest on some old familiar object that has long played a more or less unnoticed part in our daily life. Someone, then, unexpectedly rises up, and thrusts by sheer force of genius this common thing on our long accustomed eyes, but so changed that we scarcely realise it as the same. The artist has not metamorphosed, however, but simply gripped its possibilities and immortalised them, so that we are constrained to cry

Henriette Ronner was past her first youth, though not her youthfulness, when these dear, purring pets of the fireside first attracted her sympathetic pencil. Like many other friendships, the intercourse, if late, soon became fervent, and such proofs of the artist's sensibility to her furry models' charms have resulted since then as to have undoubtedly immortalised this New Cat and her veteran creator. Thousands have received pleasure from these delightful cat-pictures, and the century has been enriched by a gifted and original worker. In this new volume of Madame Ronner's, "Cats and Kittens," Messrs. Cassell have produced a large, handsome folio, containing twelve photogravures, admirably executed, of the artist's most admired pictures, a medallion portrait of



VIGILANCE MATERNELLE.—MADAME RONNER.

shame on our former want of appreciation. "Cats and Kittens" may be truly enough summarised as part of our everyday domesticities, and in the original ground-plan of households for all time one might safely count on pussy as being indispensably included in the list. Like every other thing and every other personage, the cat has had her ups-and-downs, from the time when sleek, beautiful, and even deified as in old Egypt she has come down to our Philistine kitchens in the undignified character of mouse-catcher-in-chief to the establishment. But all that and this notwithstanding, puss has not parted from her possibilities, and one old woman of our own times has been given the power of introducing them again to us in our fortunate generation. Madame

the artist herself making an acceptable frontispiece. Several of the plates included will recall their dainty originals, which "all London" flocked to see when they were exhibited a few seasons since in Bond Street. Among them is that wittily-expressed fancy of the painter's which she happily calls "The Antiquaries." A pert baby kitten is seen standing on small hind-legs against an old carved jewel-chest; one inquisitive claw has been caught in the lock, and the different attitudes and expressions of its wee brothers are given with that air of delicate humour which characterises most of Madame Ronner's affectionate treatment of her favourites.

Adding in no small measure to the pictorial enchantments of this daintily-bound volume is the text, printed in large, clear type, which proves to be a brightly-written translation from the French of Marius Vachon

* "Cats and Kittens." By Henriette Ronner. London: Cassell and Co.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Where are you going, my dear?"
"To the Empire, of course, to hear the missionary from Timbuctoo 'chant' the new hymn."



HE: "I've got £2000 a year, and you can surely live on that?"
SHE: "Oh! yes I can; but I shouldn't like to see you starve."



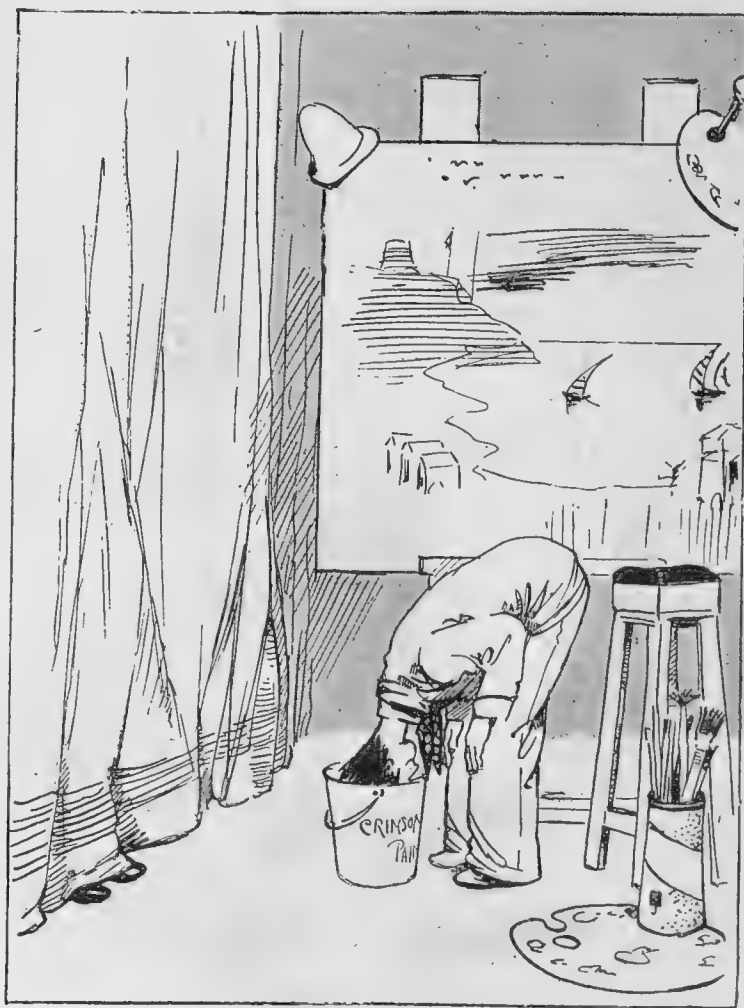
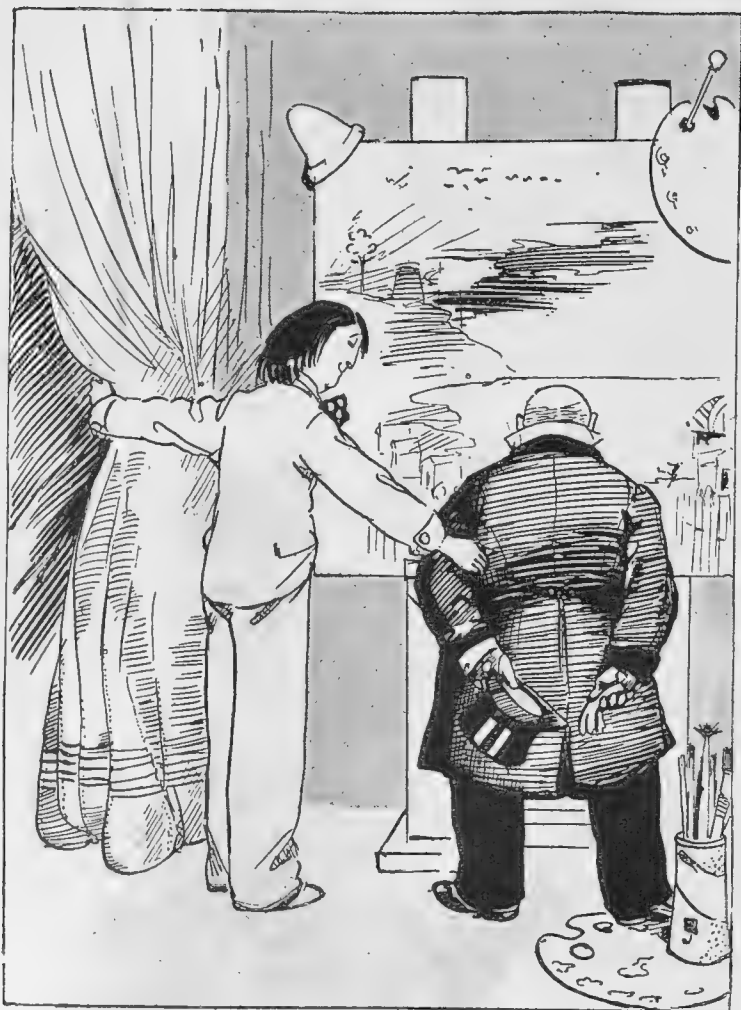
THE LADY FOOTBALLERS: AN ANTICIPATION.



PAST AND PRESENT.

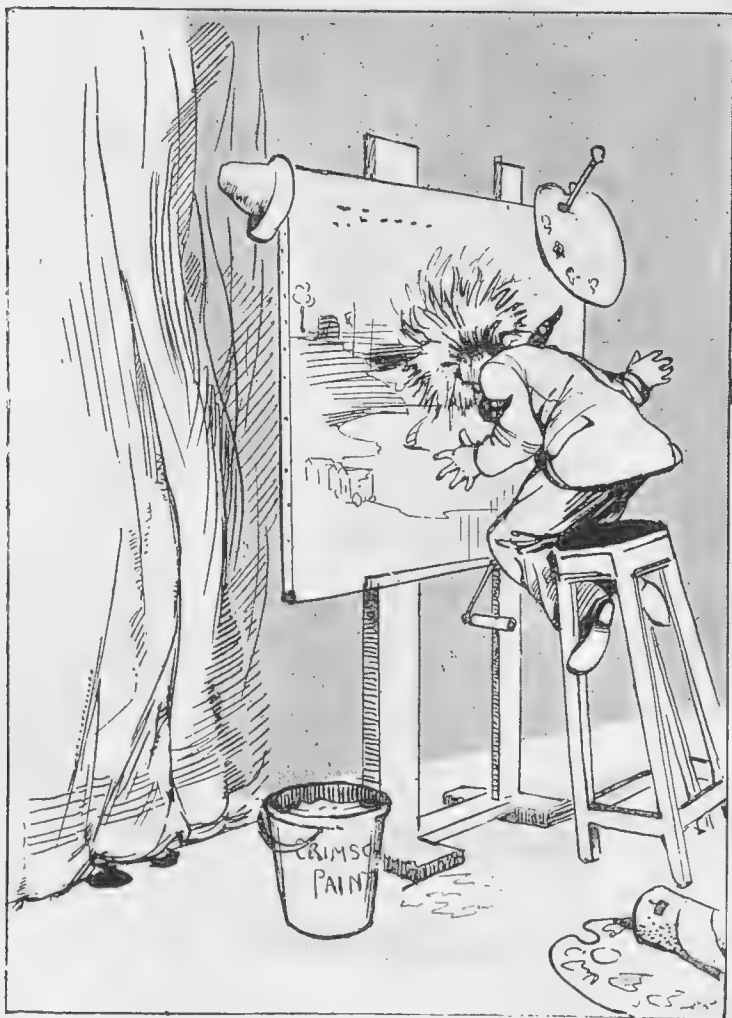


HE: "There is an individual who would drive a man to drink."
SHE: "Who is he?"
HE: "That 'cabby."



"The picture is all right, but I thought I ordered a sunset."

"Just step behind the curtain for one moment, and it shall be done."



THE IMPRESSIONIST.

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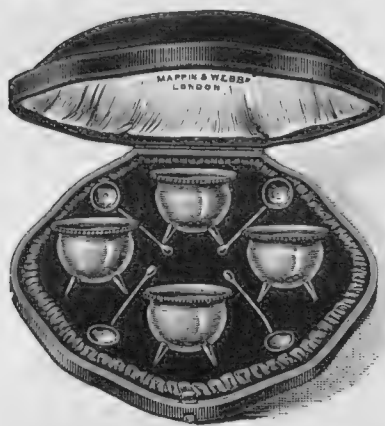
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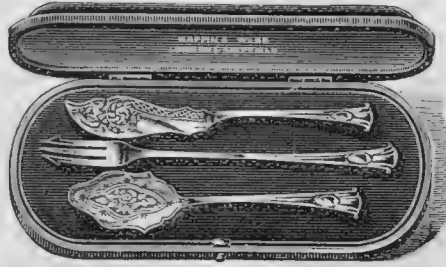
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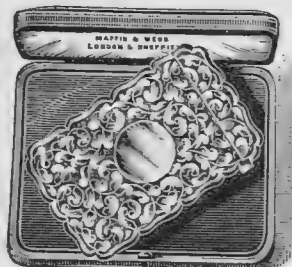
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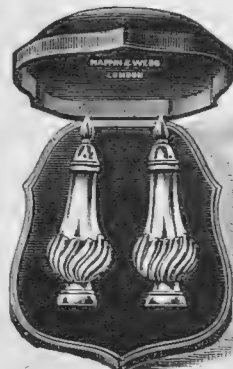
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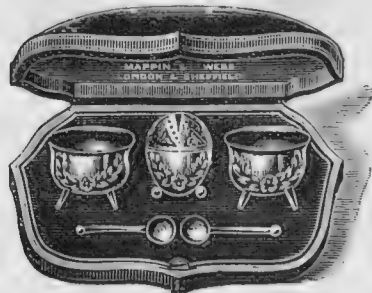
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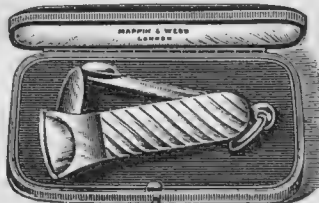


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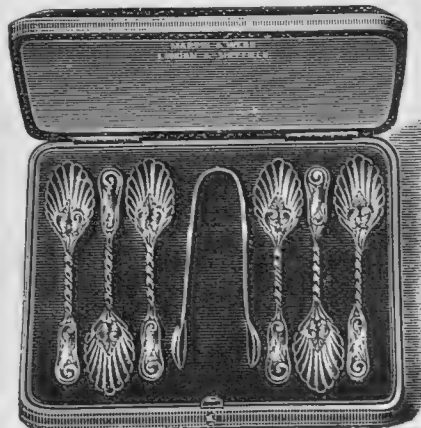


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WE ought to have the greatest sympathy and patience with our sick pets—our ailing dogs and horses. When we ourselves are under the weather, we can tell what we think is the matter. We can relieve our feelings by threatening to die, and we add that nobody seems to care whether we die or not. But poor Fido cannot describe his symptoms. He simply lies on the mat, scarcely lifting his head when his best friend stoops to pat it. The physician who treats him has a hard task. It is not easy to make Fido understand that certain things he objects to are really good for him. There is a deal of human nature about dogs.

Mr. Robert Baxter Martin, of 4, Abbey Street, St. Andrews, near Dundee, might give interesting testimony on the point if he cared to. He is a veterinary surgeon, and for many years has studied our pets in health and disease. He knows how to win, first their confidence, then their gratitude.

"In the spring of 1874," he says, "my health began to fail me. I always felt languid and weary, having no energy. My appetite was poor, and what little I ate gave me no strength. After every meal I had pain at my chest and a feeling of tightness around the waist. I had great pain and palpitation at the heart, and used to think I had got heart disease. I got little sleep at night,

and was worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed. As time went on I grew weaker and weaker, until I could barely drag one leg before the other. Gradually I lost flesh until I was nothing more than a skeleton, being as thin as a whipping-post. For eight long years my sufferings continued, during which time I saw one doctor after another, and tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing did me any good. In May 1882, a book was left at my house telling of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I read of a case like mine having been cured by it. I got a bottle from the apothecary at Kirkcaldy, and after I had taken the medicine for three weeks I found an improvement. My appetite was better than it had been for years, and the food I took agreed with me. I continued with the medicine, and gained strength every day, and soon felt as strong as ever. To give an idea of how much I was reduced, I may mention that during my long and exhausting illness I lost 7 stone 3 lb. in weight. I can now eat anything and digest any kind of food. I tell everyone of the benefit I have derived by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and know many who have found benefit from its use. You have my permission to make what use you like of this statement, and I will answer any inquiries. (Signed) Robert Baxter Martin, veterinary surgeon, 4, Abbey Street, St. Andrews, near Dundee, May 24, 1894."

Here we have a fresh illustration of a truth so frequently insisted upon in this series of articles, namely, the deluding character of indigestion

and dyspepsia. If Mr. Martin's heart had really been affected, probably the treatment he received might have benefited him. But it was not affected. The pain and palpitation resulted from two immediate causes—first, the pressure against the heart of the stomach distended by gases, and, second, the disorder of the nerves which actuate or move it—both the gas and the nervous disorder being the outcome of the torpor and fermentation of food in the stomach. And the same of all the other local pains and disturbances he suffered from.

He became "thin as a whipping post," for the plain reason that his flesh, or fat, was consumed naturally, and not renewed through his inability to digest and assimilate food.

When the radical (and only) ailment was cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, the local consequences, or symptoms, of it vanished as a matter of course. All this, when thus explained, is easy to understand, and we hope it may prove the means of enlightening many minds which are now in the dark on this most interesting and important subject.

It sums up as follows: When you feel any sign of illness which you cannot otherwise account for you are safe and reasonable in attributing it to indigestion in some stage of its progress. Shoot in that direction, and ninety times in a hundred you will hit the mark. Then save yourself time, money, and suffering by resorting to Mother Seigel's Syrup before another day goes over your head.

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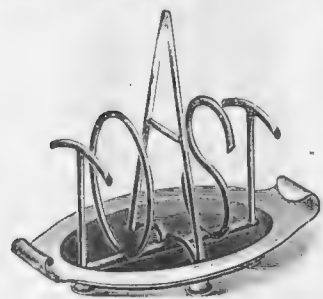
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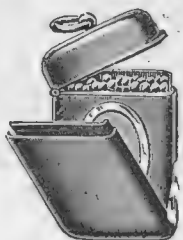
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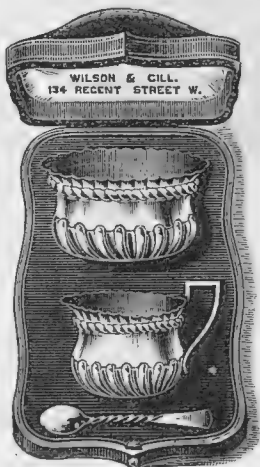
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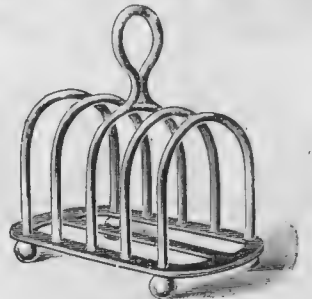
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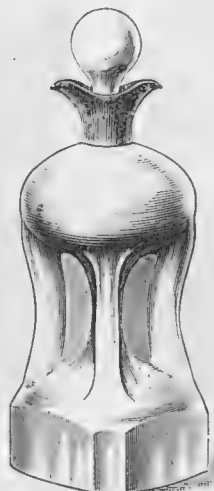
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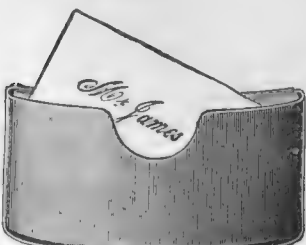
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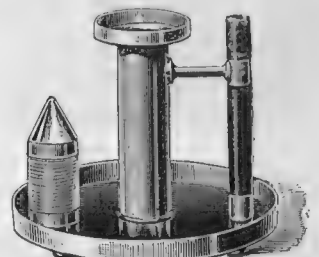
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HALF AN HOUR WITH A HARPIST.

My friend the doctor said to me one morning: "I am afraid Wales has no more sensations to offer you; or, if there are any left, they may not chance to please a London literary gent."

"I have pretty well run the gamut," I replied. "I have lived for nearly a fortnight on Welsh mutton—which, in justice be it spoken, is super-excellent. I have moistened my parched clay with your home-brewed ale; I have subluxated my inferior maxilla—when you are talking to a doctor use his dialect—with your Welsh Llan—this, that, and t'other thing; I have dropped like a stone a sheer half-mile down your deepest coal-pit, cut my tale of coal, and emerged from the Devouring Pit like Johnson's Cyclops. Fairly good for the time, I think, and pleasant too. And yet, such is discontented man, there seems a lack of something; the cycle is not complete. Come, now, think; give me another truly Welsh thrill, and I die happy."

Whereupon he threw down his stethoscope and cried, "Eureka! You shall hear Ap Shencyn play the harp. He's the finest player hereabouts, and he's worth going miles to hear."

Thus it was that I foresaw the chance of letting the readers of *The Sketch* know something of a fine Welshman and his fine harp-playing.

Ap Shencyn lived, I was told, at a little place bearing the curiously un-Welsh name of Quaker's Yard, a junction on the Taff Railway. I found my way thither from Treharris, where I was staying, by what is known locally (and euphemistically) as "the bus." This vehicle is an old wagonette, drawn by a not altogether antiquated pony, and steered by a youngster of the tender age of eleven. I must say that I have seen worse tooling than this boy's in the Row, and his charge of twopence cannot be characterised as anything less than wonderful, considering the surfeit of jiggerty-jolt one gets for it.

Arrived at the Great Western Hotel—for there it is the bard resides—I made haste to inquire for Ap Shencyn. The young lady at the bar—I will not call her a Welsh Hebe: to say the obvious is reserved for genius—departed to fetch him, and while she was gone I busied myself with picturing what my interviewee would be like. A reverend seignior, I thought, with traditional white flowing beard and hair, Tennysonian hat, and bardic cloak around him. My sketch was overdrawn, for a well set-up young man—on the spring side of thirty, I should say—in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, came in and introduced himself as William Morgan, "Ap Shencyn."

A brief explanation over, Mr. Morgan led the way to a private room. Cigarettes lit, I said, "To business! I'm not going to ask you your politics, Mr. Morgan, or any of those insincere questions a man is expected to answer insincerely. I want to hear a little about yourself and your harp-playing, and, if you will be kind enough, I want to hear you wander among the strings. First, then, about yourself?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "there's not much to tell. I was born at Bargoed, a little place about seven miles from here, and I have played the harp for I cannot tell you exactly how many years. The harp is not an instrument you can learn in a day. The mere technical difficulties—fingering, pedalling, and so on—take years of hard application, and then there come the longer years of trying to put individuality into your work. In this respect the harp is more like the violin than the piano, about which there must be always something mechanical."

"But with natural aptitude success is only a matter of time?"

"True. I date my own successes from the National Eisteddfod at Swansea in 1891. Sometime before this, shortly after I won the Eisteddfod at Swansea, I made up my mind to try and win three national competitions running. I succeeded in doing this. Swansea was the first; that I won with 'The Plains of Rhuddlan.' Then came Rhyl in 1892, with an arrangement of 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' by John Thomas, the Queen's harpist, our finest composer of harp music. And then

in August of last year there was Pontypridd, where I won with John Thomas's beautiful piece, 'Echoes of a Waterfall.' I'll play it for you presently, and you can judge of its beauty for yourself. John Thomas often tells how he composed it. He was out fishing one day. The wind, blowing down stream, carried towards him the echoes of a little hidden waterfall some distance away, and on the opposite side of the stream a young girl was singing a plaintive melody, and our lassies can sing, as everybody knows who has heard the Welsh Ladies' Choir. These two melodies John Thomas has woven together, the sad song moving slowly through the tinkling harmony of the falling water, like what, I believe, the Germans call a *leit-motif*."

"An interesting little story," I said, "that has taken us away from yourself. Let us come back to Pontypridd."

"Pontypridd was in August," Ap Shencyn resumed. "In September I was at the World's Fair in Chicago, and—and—I won the International Prize there with another of John Thomas's compositions, 'Gwenith gwyn.' A tour of fifty concerts through the States followed, at which I received a good deal of what is generally supposed to turn a man's head—unlimited praise. I had a good time, a very good time, in Yankee-land, but I was glad to get back to gallant little Wales again."

"You didn't enter for the Eisteddfod this year? A lady took the prize this year, I believe?"

"Yes, Miss Davies, and a very accomplished player too."

As it is the duty of every self-respecting interviewer to bring in the Eternal Feminine somehow, I here asked Mr. Morgan his opinion of ladies as harpists, but, like the gallant gentleman he is, Ap Shencyn would not commit himself.

"My opinion wouldn't matter much, would it?" was his reply. "But I think I've talked quite enough; I had better play something for you." And with that he brought out his harp, a magnificent Erard, dated 1835, originally costing £130, but now worth a great deal more.

Then, in that still September morning, he made his harp sing many strange and beautiful things to me, the weary Londoner of weary ears. "The Bells of Aberdovey" rang out merrily; the "Echoes of a Waterfall" went rippling through the room, the haunting under-melody speaking of "strange, unhappy, far-off things," till I almost wept; "Megan's Fair Daughter" tripped out with gold-shod feet; Handel trumpeted—the only word to express the rolling swell—his majestic harmonies; and, lastly, the strings positively danced as Ap Shencyn moved his fingers over them to the time and tune of one or two waltzes of his own composition.

These last prompted the query, "Do you compose much yourself, Mr. Morgan?"

"No; not much. You see, my business does not leave me much leisure, and what idle moments I do have I give mostly to outdoor sport—shooting and quoit-playing; in fact, I was going out for a shot this morning when you came in."

"I am sorry if I have spoiled your morning. You may have time for a shot or two before luncheon if I go now"—and I got up to suit the action to the word. "But I should like a photograph of you; that's half the battle in reaching a reader's heart."

Mr. Morgan was kind enough to fish out for me a photograph—a reproduction of which appears above—taken by an American admirer.

"Here's my wife. Let me introduce you. She's a bit of a musician too—piano—and she is the quickest sight-reader I know. She beats me hollow," and he laughed merrily.

"And beating you means something, I am sure," I replied.

"*Diolch i chi*," said Mrs. Morgan, with a charming smile that made the Welsh seem mellifluous as Italian. Now, I can stumble through a compliment in English, but to say pretty things in Welsh—I veiled my stupidity by preparing to depart, and depart I did, too, after a hearty handshake from Mrs. Morgan and her minstrel husband, to whom I promised a hearty welcome when the time comes for him to make his bow before a metropolitan audience. In harp playing, as in pretty faces, and lots of other good things, "*Cymru Fydd!*"

AP GWILYM.



"AP SHENCYN."

Photo by Lippiatt, Shamroin.

MASHED BY A MERMAID.

I was hazily conscious of a gentle, rustling noise near me, and then something wet and cold came dab in my face. I sat up with a jerk—and there sat a mermaid!

Good gracious! You can imagine how startled I felt.

She sat on the sand quite close to me, resting on one hand, and with her tail, an indisputable tail, with beautifully glistening silvery-brown



You can imagine how startled I felt.

scales, coiled round in a graceful curve. She was fascinatingly pretty, with a sweet face, laughing now at my air of bewilderment, and with long tresses of brown hair blowing about her.

I suppose my dropped jaw and staring eyes must have struck her as very comical, for she laughed—such a musical, soothing laugh, strangely like the ripple of the waves among the groyne's higher up the beach. Then she spoke, and her voice was like her laughter crystallised into words. "Excuse me," she said, "but you look so funny."

"Funny!" I exclaimed indignantly. "What have you been up to? You've been throwing water over me."

"I haven't."

"Yes, you have. Look here, my face is all wet now, and my hair is damp."

"I didn't throw water over you. I suppose it was rather forward, but I put the end of my tail on your face. You looked so tempting, you know, lying there: I really could not resist it."

"Well, you shouldn't, then," I said; "now you've woke me up, and some of the water has gone down my neck."

I spoke grumpily; you see, I was scarcely myself yet; it was so utterly incomprehensible that I should be sitting here with an absolute mermaid, a creature I had never for a moment believed in, sitting almost close enough for me to touch. But slowly the verity of the fact was borne in on me. I had been spending a few days at a sleepy little fishing town in Devonshire I had discovered some years ago.

I had wandered off that afternoon among the big boulders that lay piled up on the shingly beach at the foot of the cliffs to the left of the little town. It was very hot, so hot that, after skimming through the columns of the paper I had brought with me, I lay back and snoozed,



The Mermaid lights my pipe.

in blissful disregard of the glaring sun and the white rocks and the low ripple of the retreating tide. And then happened all I have described.

With my handkerchief I mopped up some of the water that was trickling down inside my collar, the mermaid regarding me meanwhile with an amused but somewhat guilty air.

"Do you know you snore?" she said suddenly.

"What! snore? Me? That, I'm sure, I don't."

"Oh! but you do. Not much, I admit; but you do snore. And you sleep with your mouth open."

"I know I do," I admitted; "it's a habit of mine, but I can't help it."

"I was going to drop a little crab in, only I thought I would have a talk with you instead; but wouldn't you have been surprised if I had put in a crab?"

"It's well for you you did not," said I. "You must be a very mischievous girl—mermaid, I mean."

"Oh, no, I'm not! not nearly so bad as some; it's lucky for you my cousin wasn't with me when I came up and found you here."

"A gentleman? A merman?" I ventured.

"Oh, no! she usually comes up here with me of an afternoon, but she's up at the other end of the bay to-day. Her name's Geneviève, and mine's Maud."

"Where do you get your names?" I asked.

"Out of books we pick up. We got mine and my cousin Imogen's out of a *Family Herald* supplement that dropped overboard from a steamer. Pretty name Imogen, isn't it?"

"Not half so pretty as Maud."

"Well, I don't know. We're glad to get anything to read. Is that to-day's paper?"—pointing to the *Chronicle* that lay on the beach.

"Yes," I said; "would you like it to read?"

"Thanks awfully; no, not now; but I'll take it with me, if you don't mind. Smoke your pipe, will you?"

"With great pleasure. Sure you don't mind?"

"Not a bit; besides, I want you to let me light it."

So I pulled out my pipe and filled it, and Maud, with a sinewy loop of her tail, glided up to me. She seemed highly delighted at being allowed to strike the match for me to get a light by.

"Isn't this jolly?" she said, looking up at me with wonderful eyes.

"Rather," I said, looking down into them. "Do you often go in for this sort of thing?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you," she replied. "You're the first man I ever spoke to—like this, I mean; but old Nep sent me here for trying to. I used to be at Brighton; such a nice place; crowds of people and niggers. Oh, aren't those niggers dears, don't you think?"

Heaven, forgive me! I murmured that niggers were adorable creatures.

"I knew that you would say so. Well, my friend that I had there with me and I both fell in love with one of them, and one day we came



I fell over backwards.

across him bathing, and I swam up and spoke to him, and what do you think he did? He shouted 'Ow! Ah! Help! A shark!' and scrambled out and ran up the beach. And the girl that was with me went and told old Nep. Wasn't that horrid?"

"Disgusting."

"Oh, it was; and he sent me here, and here I found you. You're in my nook, you know. I often come here, and yesterday it was so hot that I dropped asleep, and when you came along I only just had time to get behind that rock."

"So you've seen me before, then?"

"Oh, yes, several times. I saw you along the beach on Sunday evening."

"The deuce you did!—I beg your pardon."

"And I saw you kiss that fisher-girl. Oh, yes, you did."

"Well," I said, turning very red, "I admit it; but it was only one."

"There ain't any mermen here," she replied.

"Aren't there? I suppose it's rather lonely?"

"I used to be spoons a little with one at Brighton, but we never see one here. That's old Nep's doings. I haven't been kissed for ever so long."

"Really?" I said, edging over towards her.

"Really," she sighed, looking down.

"Er—shall I—would you—shall we—that is—"

I leant over her as she raised her face, smiling mischievously, to mine, when, just as our lips touched, with a sudden twist of her tail she caught me a dab in the face with her wet fin.

I fell over backwards, and by the time I had got the sand and wet out of my eyes the mermaid had disappeared. No trace of her was left; but my newspaper was gone, and as I went slowly home I fancied I could catch sight of her, lying out by the big black rock that just showed itself above the sea.

I stood still and called to her, and distinctly saw her white arms waved to me, and heard the rippling of her laugh, and saw, too, her long brown hair tossing on the waves.

E. G.



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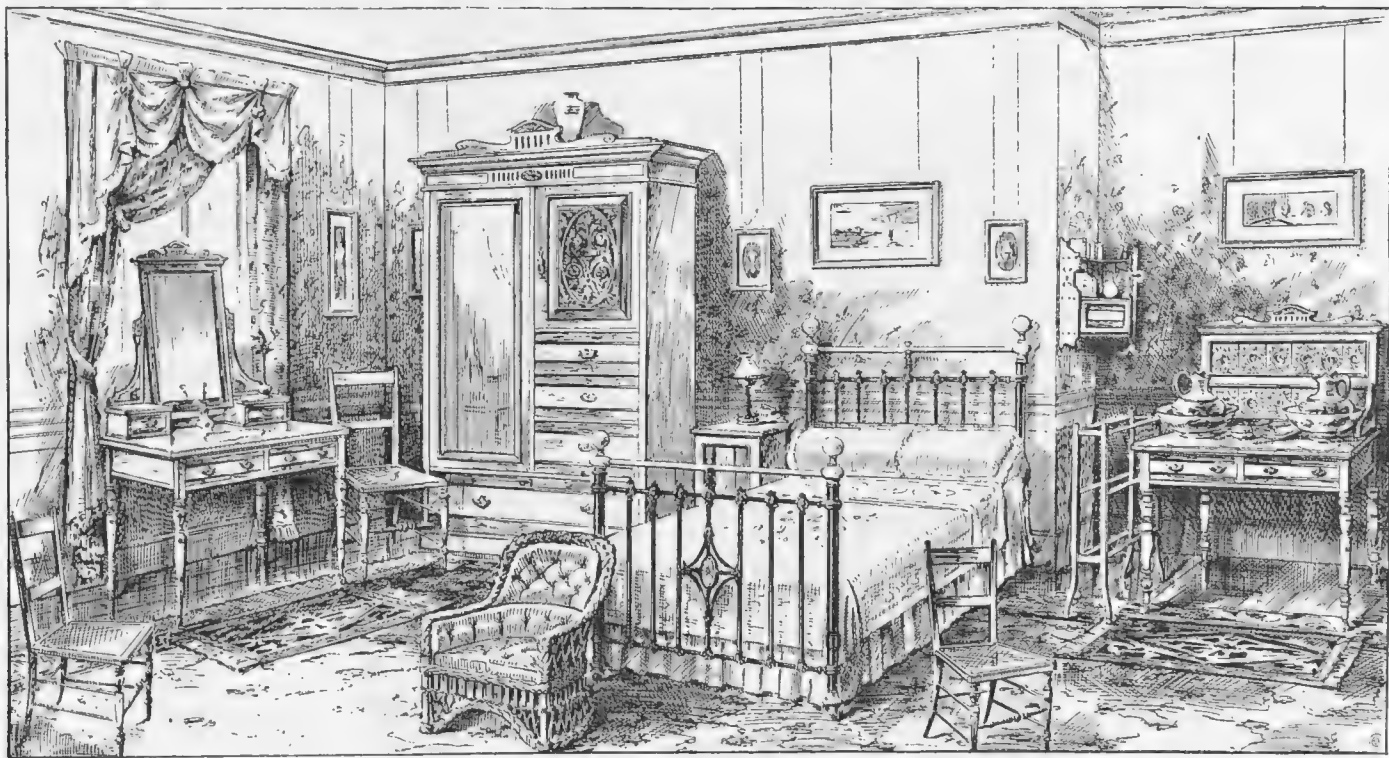
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The new volume of Scottish sketches, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" by Ian Maclaren (Hodder and Stoughton), is one of the best, and bids fair to be among the most popular, in this now somewhat numerous class of books. The author is a great master of pathos, so great that only one or two living writers can compare with him in this endowment. He writes from the point of view of a tolerant outsider on the different phases of Scottish religious life, but he is understood to be within the camp.

In many respects the most interesting book of the season is Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Defoe." Like his biography of Cowper, it is no mere compilation, for even of quite recent years new facts of the great novelist's life have been brought to light, and are now used for the first time. It may be considered to be supplementary to the late Professor Minto's monography, which, in the matter of criticism, it does not seek to rival or replace. Mr. Wright, be it said, is a firm believer in Defoe's statement that "Robinson Crusoe" is an allegory, containing a veiled account of events in his own life, a statement which has fascinated numerous students into inquisitory searches, baffled many, and led most, with the late Professor Minto, to treat the author's statement as false, or only so partially true as to be unimportant and misleading. How Defoe is declared to have set forth his own life in the guise of the adventures of the immortal mariner may be gathered from one example. In his "Serious Reflections" he tells of "a man that, upon some extraordinary disgust which he took at the unsuitable conversation of some of his nearest relations, whose society he could not avoid, suddenly resolved never to speak any more." The vow, strenuously adhered to for many years, "ruined his family, and broke up the house." This isolation for study, contemplation, and peace was, according to the readers of the allegory, an actual fact in Defoe's life, and it is shadowed forth in Crusoe's twenty-eight years on the desert island.

The effect of Mr. Wright's research and industry will be lessened to some readers by the tone he adopts towards the subject of his memoirs. The advocate's voice is everywhere audible. He admits Defoe's faults, but will have it that he kept his soul consistently on a high and spiritual plane, that his motives were invariably great, and that smaller minds would do well not to judge him. Probably Defoe's motives were as various as his fortunes. His newest biographer reminds us he was thirteen times rich and poor, and his nature and conscience had, perhaps, as many different levels. But Mr. Wright's being so continually on the defensive on Defoe's behalf has not spoilt the book, for Mr. Wright's method of defence is explanation rather than suppression.

In introducing Gontcharoff's "Common Story" to English readers—it has been translated by Mrs. Garnett for Mr. Heinemann's "International Library"—Mr. Gosse, while writing with full appreciation of its talent, says its author was "no poet, and cannot read the heart like the young men who came after him." The "young men" are, of course, Tourgenieff, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoi. What Mr. Gosse means is probably a repetition of Belmsky's dictum, that Gontcharoff would never be anything but "a great artist in words," which evidently meant he would never deal as an enthusiast with the great movements of his time.

Now, a reader who knows no Russian, and can judge only of Gontcharoff by this translation of Mrs. Garnett, is, perhaps, in a poor position for contradicting Mr. Gosse and the critic Belmsky; but as the contradiction is in vindication of the higher claims of a novel which Mr. Gosse regards, at least, very sympathetically, its presumption may be pardonable. The clearest fact that stays in one's memory after reading "A Common Story" is that Gontcharoff was a poet, and that if "an artist in words," on which only a Russian student has a right to speak, he was a good deal more.

The book is the study of two temperaments—very keen, very delicate, and in result very pathetic, such a study as only a poet could have made. One of the characters is a sensitive, high-strung, romantic youth, a fool in all knowledge of the world, who with blind obstinacy tempts the world to wound him. His earlier years are one long series of troubles of the heart and soul, and then his heart and soul both die of the wounds, and, unencumbered by them, he becomes a *rangé*, successful, and reasonable citizen. With hardly a word of sentimental comment, Gontcharoff makes you feel the tragedy of the history. His uncle is the embodiment of all that is common-sensible, and rational, and unromantic, and his life is, therefore, prosperous, respected, and full of honour. His author, one feels, has no great sympathy with his character, but readers will like the wholesome company and conversation of Ivanitch. Just when honours are crowding thick upon him, when he has only to put out his hand to grasp a position of distinction which he can feel he has earned, he has to refuse it. His hard, busy, orderly life has its own kind of punishment, and he feels that if once or twice he had been as exuberantly foolish as his romantic nephew he might have kept his wife's affections and preserved her health. Gontcharoff's is a sad, but not a cynical story, very self-restrained, very artistic, but with feeling enough, and to spare, and of the right kind, too, to give him the right to be called poet. It was "prophet," not "poet," surely, Mr. Gosse and Belmsky were thinking of.

o. o.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There is much grumbling in professional circles over the continual clashing of race meetings. The layers rightly argue that it does not pay them to attend a meeting where only half of their clients are present, and I should not be surprised to find an agitation started presently for the reduction of ring fees by 50 per cent. when two meetings clash. The Jockey Club will have to meet this question sooner or later, and I think the pressure might easily be relieved by cutting off one or two of the Newmarket fixtures, which are often flat, stale, and unprofitable.

Mr. Robert Peck has no reason to regret his connection with racing, as he, first as trainer, then as owner, made a good thing out of the game. The best horse Mr. Peck owned was, of course, The Bard, and, strange



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. PERCY PECK.

to say, General Owen Williams, who had a half share in the colt, had forgotten the all-important fact until he was reminded of it by Mr. Peck. It is certain that the Peck mantle has passed from father to son, as Mr. Percy Peck, who trains for Sir Blundell Maple, knows his business well, as his record shows. Percy is the youngest, and one of our cutest trainers. Another son, Mr. Charles Peck, has a rare string of horses at Russley, and he has already shown a smartness looked for in older men in bringing off selling plate coups. As I have before mentioned, Percy Peck lives in one of the nicest houses in Newmarket, Falmouth House, built by the late Fred Archer. When

the place came into the possession of Sir Blundell Maple it was found to be defective in many particulars, but Sir Blundell spent his money freely in having all put right, and it is now perfect as a training centre.

Crichel, where Lord Alington has been laid up with gout, is in Dorsetshire, not far from Canford Manor, the seat of Lord Wimborne. The house, quite a modern one, originally belonged to the Napier family, Sir William of that ilk having erected it on the site of the old structure, which was burnt down in 1742. It was subsequently enlarged by Humphrey Sturt, of Horton, close by Crichel, whose father had married the heiress of the Napiers, and thus inherited the estates. The frontage of the house, which is not of great dimensions, but is well planned, presents a very fine effect. The central portico is supported by six pillars, which are flush with the line of the front. The internal decoration is beautifully artistic. On the staircase there is a fine portrait of Lord Alington, by Cooper, and in the corridors hang many historical likenesses. The house is surrounded by an extensive park, well wooded and undulating, the gardens being celebrated for their extensive violet-beds. To the front of the building is an extensive lake, the haunt of all manner of wild-fowl. The covers are well stocked, and afford good and varied shooting. When George IV. was Prince of Wales, he used frequently to visit and hold revels at the place, of which he was very fond. Five miles from the house is a spot known as Monmouth's Close, where the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was taken in hiding after the battle of Sedgemoor. A prominent feature of Crichel is the White Farm, which was established by Lord Alington's first wife, and so called from the fact that all the beasts and birds on it are white. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children have been there several times.

The Cambridgeshire will be a great race, and nearly all the starters will be backed. Luckily, very few chops and changes have taken place in the market up to now, and I do not think we are in for any eleventh-hour surprise. Those who fancy horses that have performed well in the Cesarewitch will support Callistrate, who certainly ran a big public trial when finishing second to Best Man in France. I am still of the opinion that Son of a Gun will win the Cambridgeshire, while Encounter should go very close.

Fine hands are considered to be useful for riders, but I have been noticing the hands of our gentleman riders of late, and I find that those who do a lot of schooling have hands more like a hard-working mechanic than like their free-and-easy companions. I used to find that riding raw young horses after the hounds caused the hands to swell and become coarse, especially when riding without gloves, as our amateur jockeys have to do, although I once saw a gentleman with gloves and spectacles on ride a winner.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

If not a prophet, then I must be the son of a prophet. Concurrently with my remarks about the exposure of professionalism in Lancashire, we find the Salford club suspended to the end of the season, and any number of further revelations promised regarding the leading clubs in the county. I am afraid this is but the beginning of the end of amateurism



A. J. FOWDEN.

in the two leading northern counties; and by this I don't for a moment mean to say that amateurism has been general throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire for the past few years. There is only too much reason to believe that professionalism, more or less disguised, has been rampant throughout more than one of the northern counties. If, then, there should be a revolt, and a section of the northerners come out in their true professional colours, there will be no change, excepting that they will then play honestly as professionals, and not dishonestly as paid amateurs. How the Rugby Union would regard the establishment of a professional league one need not conjecture. I am afraid there would be a complete separation between the two bodies, and it is doubtful whether they would even combine for International purposes.

Among the stirring events of the past ten days may be noted the defeat of Newport at Llanelli. It is true the Usksiders were only beaten by a place kick, but the fact that Llanelli were able to stand up to them in this way seems to show that Newport are hardly up to last season's strength. At the same time, every credit must be given to Llanelli for their plucky and well-deserved victory. Of course, this early reverse may place the crack Welsh team on their mettle. A defeat in the beginning of the season is frequently a blessing in disguise. Cardiff, on the other hand, have been going very strongly in their opening matches, and the fight for supremacy between these three Welsh clubs may be keener than ever.

There are few clubs that for so many years held such undisputed sway in the north as Bradford. The Bradford club was to Yorkshire what Blackheath is to London and Newport to Wales. For the past two or three years, however, they have been somewhat under a cloud. A week ago they showed an immense return to form by a great victory over Batley on their opponents' ground. Batley then held the leading place in the Yorkshire Competition, and people naturally thought that Bradford would step into their place. One received rather a shock, however, when, a few days later, on their own ground, Bradford only managed to play a drawn game with Liversedge. At the present moment the Yorkshire Competition is perfectly open to at least half-a-dozen clubs, including Bradford, Manningham, Batley, Brighouse, Halifax, and Huddersfield, all of whom appear to be pretty well matched.

In the Lancashire Competition, however, Oldham club has singled itself out above all the others. Wigan appears to be about the only team capable of giving Oldham an even game. The ancient lion of Swinton lashes his nerveless tail; Salford has struck on the rock of professionalism; Tyldesley contains a few good kicks and kickers, but can hardly seriously trouble the leader; while Warrington, St. Helens, Broughton, and Broughton Rangers, all tail off more or less into a state of feebleness.

The visit of a club like Sunderland to London is regarded as a great occasion. It is generally supposed that football in the south is of a dilettante character, and that if we do happen to defeat a northern team it may be put down to a fluke. In these circumstances, it is, perhaps, hardly worth mentioning that Sunderland, in their recent southern tour, were defeated by Woolwich Arsenal and the Casuals on successive days. Yet it is difficult to see how Sunderland are to excuse themselves, if they do not allow that they were beaten on their merits. The temptations of the Great City are, no doubt, often responsible for the loss of form of the visiting club. The purlicus of Piccadilly are not generally likely to prove the best training-ground, but then we have always been under the impression that Sunderland are a superior set of fellows socially, that many of them are as temperate as Sir Wilfrid himself, and be it known to all men that the majority of the team are Benedicts. My impression of the Sunderland team during their recent visit is that they were out of form. I am afraid that much travelling and overwork have made them stale. Their record for the first six weeks of the season includes journeyings over 2500 miles of railway line, and their visit to Queen's Park last Saturday made their fourth trip to Scotland. This sort of thing is surely more than flesh and blood can stand. To give the Sunderland men their due, they appear to try to win their southern matches, but, meeting with a more powerful opposition than they expected, they had perforce to acknowledge themselves

fairly defeated. It is said that a League club will not play its hardest in anything but League matches, and while there is, no doubt, some truth in the remark, there is no club, League or otherwise, that will willingly tarnish its record with two successive defeats if they can be avoided. I am inclined to think that Sunderland's great weakness is at full-back. Meehan is a very fair player, but until Gow is back in his place the defence may be accounted weak. I had a talk with Gow while he was in London, and he told me that he hardly thinks his sprained ankle will be sufficiently strong to allow him to play against Everton next Saturday. Even with Gow, I doubt whether Sunderland could beat Everton at the present moment, and in his absence I feel pretty sure that the Wearsiders will return with a defeat. If this is the case, Everton will secure an almost unassailable position in the League Championship.

Speaking of Everton, I am reminded of the extraordinary "gate" when Everton met Liverpool. The amount taken for gate money and grand stands amounted to £1026, which is nearly £300 in excess of the previous best "gate" at a League match. It is estimated that quite 40,000 people were present.

The record of Liverpool in the League Championship to last Saturday is unique. Out of all their League matches they had not won a single one. The contrast between their performances of this season and last is rendered more striking when it is pointed out that last year they went through all their League fixtures without a single defeat. Of course, it should be stated that they were only in the Second Division last season, but another club, Small Heath, that was promoted from the Second to the First Division this season, has done very fairly indeed.

The surprise club of the year is undoubtedly Preston North End. We were told at the beginning of the season that this club was in a bad way, and, in truth, so it seemed when one scanned the list of unfamiliar names that made up its team, but all the good men are not old—rather should I say that football is a game made specially for the young, and, although there are many old, honourable, and magnificent players—such as Goodall, Reynolds, and others—these are the exception rather than the rule. On present form, Preston have an excellent chance of finishing in the first four. One of their best performances was the defeat of the United team at Sheffield.

ATHLETICS.

At the opening of the cross-country season it seems fitting to say a word about one of the original founders of the Southern Association and National Union. Mr. A. J. Fowden, after many years of service in the cause of athletics, is now President of the Southern Counties Cross-Country Association. Although in his younger days he was a very good runner, it is as an organiser of athletics that he has made his mark in contemporary history. For the past twelve years he has been on the executive of the Amateur Athletic Association, and as a handicapper there is no busier man in the south of England. In the flat season just finished, Mr. Fowden has allotted the weights in over 150 events.

Although Mr. E. H. Pelling has practically retired from active sprinting, he is still busy with athletics, and devotes much of his time to increasing the welfare of the Ranelagh Club. Mr. Pelling was born at Brandon, in Suffolk, 1866, and was educated at the Southampton Grammar School,



E. H. PELLING.

where he soon distinguished himself in short distance races up to a quarter of a mile. Perhaps his best year was in 1889, when not only did he win the 100-yards amateur championship, but later in the year he ran 200 yards in 19 4-5 sec., and thereby created a record which has not been broken to this day.

OLYMPIAN.

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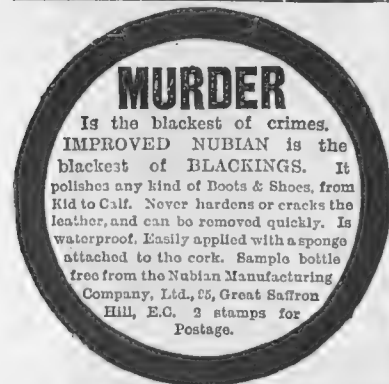
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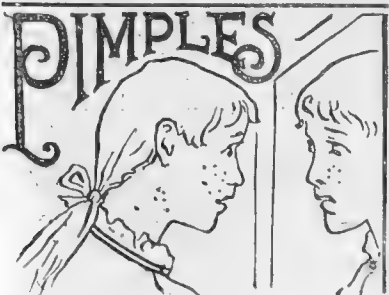
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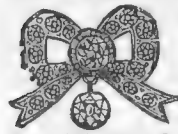
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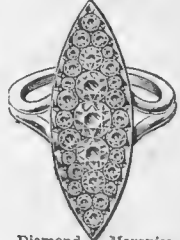
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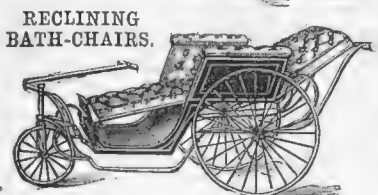


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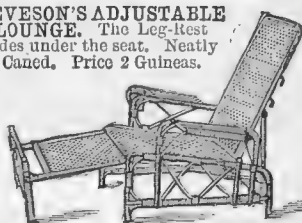
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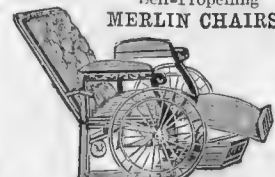


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A PAVEMENT ARTIST.

The hunting of the "Snark" must have been a simple affair compared with the running to earth of the "pavement artist." The former was to be snared by a generous application of "cabbages and kings," articles easy to obtain in these luxurious days, whatever they might have been when the Snark was in its prime.

But even a judicious use of the coin of the realm failed to call from the "vasty deep" of London's mysteries the hitherto ubiquitous "screever," as he is familiarly called upon his native heath, the East End.

It had seemed simple enough in the beginning. One had positively stepped upon pavement artists at work—when one didn't require them. But when one among their number was desired all had, apparently, taken the alarm and disappeared.

Various specimens of the genus "screever" were tracked to their very lairs in an area extending from St. John's Wood to Newington Causeway. But the nearest policeman on his beat, or bootblack on his "pitch," had ever the depressing information that the quarry had been on the spot regularly for a month until the day before, though it would now be difficult to say when he might return.

The marks of coloured chalks were even aggravatingly *en évidence*, but the artist had vanished into that rarefied atmosphere where it would, seemingly, be easy for gentlemen in reduced circumstances to maintain themselves and families.

At length, having worn out several pairs of boots, and taken to a nerve tonic through the fruitlessness of the search, an ancient proverb was verified, and "What was long sought came when unsought."

There he sat, in the Uxbridge Road—a piece of sacking for a cushion—among the trophies of his art. He was a nice man—a man with a mild, kindly face, which beamed with becoming pride over paintings somewhat superior to those of his fraternity. He looked piteously cold, and his hand shook slightly as he sketched in a few details, obliterated in his very masterpiece by a flurry of rain.

There was but a scanty showing of coppers in the hat, suggestively placed on the pavement at his side, and when he glanced up to return thanks for a slight plenishment of his exchequer I saw that he was blind in one eye.

He was a trifle suspicious at first over the idea of being "interviewed for a paper," evidently suspecting me of mysterious designs upon his future happiness and well-being; while as for having his portrait done, he would not hear of anything so contrary to modesty.

However, he was won over at last, and even warmed to the undertaking.

"Well, yer see," he informed me, with a soft, rich Warwickshire accent, which, as I learned later, had lasted him twenty years, and which I dare not try to express on paper; "it ain't so queer you shouldn't o' found one on us afore. Thur's on'y about thutty men does pavement-paintin', an' we're all moved off to new pitches purty often by the bobbies. Some on 'em's nice chaps, an' lets us alone, if we don't take up much room wi' our bits o' things; but, agin, some on 'em jist waits till we gets our work done, an' then orders us to go. It's 'ard, that is, fur chalks come expensive w'en yer ain't got much capital to buy 'em with."

"Have you more or less acquaintance with your twenty-nine brother artists?" I inquired.

"Bless yer, no; I don't hold no communication wi' 'em whatever"—with rather a haughty air of denial; "but I know wot 'appens ter me, an' I 'ears talk o' the rest. Besides, our lives runs about the same, from one end o' Lunnnon t' the other. I've 'ad a goodish lot o' pitches in my day; but I'm mostly 'ere, or up Kensington Gardens way."

"Have you been at this sort of thing long?" I questioned, pointing to the moonlit views of lighthouses on unscalable rocks and gorgeous sunsets, after Turner (a long way after!), in streaks of red and yellow.

"Seventeen year," he replied, sighing a little—but it was not a sigh intended as a bid for sympathy. "I ain't a Lunnnon man, ter begin with. I was a Warwickshire lad, an' used ter drive flour to mill, with so many as three horses. But w'en I'd growed up, nothin' would do but I must see Lunnnon, so I come, an' soon got a job carryin' a hod. I seed a young 'ooman about that time as I wanted to marry, but she 'adn't no more 'n said 'Yes' when I falls off a scaffoldin', an', beside breakin' m'self up considerable, puts hout one eye. I was tuk to an 'ospital in Warwick Lane, an' they was very good t' me there, but fur six months I was helpless. W'en I could crawl about I tried t' git work, but thur wasn't many things I could do any more; an' w'en I was gittin' discouraged I used ter see fellers paintin' on the pavement, their own bosses. I'd never drawed none, but I practised up, and by-'n-by I could do as well as the other chaps, if not a bit better 'n some."

"My gal was willin' ter risk marryin' me, an' the vicar o' our parish, as good a gent as ever lived, guv me five shillin' fur m' license, an' six more ter set up stock wi'. 'E's dead an' gone now, so I shouldn't loike yer t' put his name in print. It might look irrev'rent, y' see."

"Have you any children?" I ventured.

He looked down wistfully at his work-grimed hands. "They'm done wi' me," he said. And then we changed the subject.

"You must find it cold, sitting all day on the pavement in this weather?" I hastily said.

"That it is!" he responded. "But I wouldn't mind if it weren't for th' rheumatics, w'ich I 'ave bad. The rain was n' cold, though it rubs off the chalks, an' nobody ain't goin' ter stop an' look at my work w'en they're hurryin' home out o' the wet. Now, th' snow's

diff'runt; it makes folks good-natured, but it ain't, so ter say, comfortable for me."

"Do you manage to make a fair living out of your—er—profession?" I asked.

Mr. John Tanswell, of 4, St. Clement's Road, shrugged his bent shoulders.

"Well, 'tain't a life o' luxury fur none on us," he rejoined. "The best days—jest two or t'ree a year, in fine weather—never fetch more 'n hawf-a-crown. Some days I sits here from mornin' till dark, an' don't git a penny. I 'as plenty o' time to think, an' I bets ter myself on th' people, as I sees 'em comin' torrards me, w'ether they'll have a copper fur m' work or no. Times, they'll stop an' make fun o' m' picters, an' go on, wi' their pockets shut up. But they don't t'ink what a penny or two 'd be ter me, tain't loikely."

"If everybody who passed thought your exhibition worthy of a halfpenny, you'd do very well, I suppose," said I.

"Bless you, ef every tenth one did I'd t'ink m'self rich!" he exclaimed. "But it's a bad day w'en I don't take in leastways a sixpence," he added.

"And you support yourself and wife on what you earn?"

"I does me best. But th' wife had a stroke fourteen month ago, an' can't do no more 'n move about th' room—th' on'y one we 'as, of course. We pays t'ree-an'-six a week fur that, an' we don't 'ave nothin' left fur theatres. We don't see no coals all winter long, but we keeps from freezin', an' does our cookin' wi' a bit o' wood."

I proceeded to ask Mr. Tanswell if in his life there had occurred one "red-letter" day which he would tell me about.

"Th' day I married," he returned, when I had made him understand. "An' thur was another, w'en a queer thing 'appened, which I ain't never forgot. 'Twas a windfall in my pocket, yer can bet."

"Once, w'en I'd come early to work, a gent comes by, lookin' as though 'e'd be'n out all night, an' was goin' home by daylight. I was workin' away wi' my chalks, he watchin' me, an' givin' me a bit o' advice, laughin' loike. 'Ere, yer ain't done this right!' ses he, quite out o' patience. 'I'll show yer!' So he grabs th' chalks, squats down, an' afore long ef he don't turn out th' finest thing yer ever seed—yer wouldn't o' thought could be done with common chalk on th' stone. 'There! that's wi' my compliments,' ses he, an' was hoff, jest as I was hofferin' ter pay 'im fur 'is work."

"Everybody that come by stopped that day, an' some asked ef I done the picter. I ses 'No,' like a man, but they gav' me money jest the same—more shillings than I'd seed in six months, an' one ole feller swore a big artist, whose name I can't remember, must o' drawed it. He wanted to buy th' pavin' stone and 'ave it up, but it couldn't be worked, an' afore night the rain 'ad washed it out. It did seem a cruel shame ter see it go."

"My wife an' I 'ad a fire ter sit by, an' bacon an' eggs t' our supper that evenin', I rec'lect." And Mr. Tanswell appeared to drift into some happy vision of the past, and I felt it would be tactful to steal away, and leave him to his meditations.

A. L.

THE IMPRESSIONIST PROTOMARTYR.

[A pavement artist was sentenced as a common beggar at Wandsworth Police Court because his productions were "mere meaningless smudges of chalk." He pleaded in vain that a "black patch and a couple of white smears" was "a moon-light effect."]

Hiero, you bestow on Art her
First Impressionistic Martyr!
Willingly you catch a Tartar
In the sacred cause of Smudge!
Surely, if to jail they send you,
The "New English" will attend you,
Great "G. M." himself defend you
'Gainst Philistia and its fudge!

Was it a policeman's fable
That the public was but able
To perceive some blobs of sable
Juxtaposed with blobs of white?
Genius, shunning the recondite,
Soars, by simplest means, beyond it:
Your neat contrast, had he conned it,
Aubrey Beardsley would delight.

When they said that your offence is
Getting pence on false pretences,
If you had but kept your senses
You had cut them like a knife!
Whistler's answer would convict your
Critics of ill-founded stricture:
"What I charge for ain't the picture,
It's the study of a life!"

Spirit arduous and brave, meant
For success and not enslavement,
Quit the peeler-ridden pavement
For the Bond Street Galleries;
Soon each genius of the Yellow
Look will haste to call you fellow,
While the public first cries "Hello!"
Later, gapes, and lastly—buys.

F. E. A., in the *Westminster Gazette*.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS AT WYNYARD PARK DURING THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

When Royalty, in the genial person of the Heir-Apparent, is entertained for several days at a time, as was the case last week, when the Prince of Wales visited Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, it follows, as a matter of course, that the gowns of the favoured feminine few who were fellow-guests with the Prince acquire a certain unique interest for the majority of women. Anyway, believing this to be the case, it seemed to me that I must find out something about them for you, and the next best thing to being present at Wynyard Park was to discover the dressmaker who had fashioned some of the new garments which I shrewdly suspected would be indulged in by most of those who had been bidden to meet their future King. Fate, for once, was kind, for she led me to 19A, Brook Street, where I found my informant in clever Mrs. Craig, who disclosed to me the form and fashion of some of the

satin ears—a pretty method of trimming, which was used again to finish the waistband and the puffed elbow-sleeves. The bodice was further ornamented with creamy-white spotted net, edged with guipure, which formed cape-like frills over the shoulders, and bordered the full folds in front, tapering to a point at the waist. The skirt was absolutely unadorned. A shooting costume for Lady Helen was of the brightest grass-green Irish frieze, and, in addition to a long double-breasted coat, was furnished with an Abergeldie cape for showery weather. For Lady Beatrice Butler, daughter of the Marchioness of Ormonde—who, by-the-way, is to be one of Lady Margaret Grosvenor's bridesmaids—Mrs. Craig made an effective gown of black chiffon, with a tiny silk spot, the full skirt, which was made up over a silk slip, bordered with a thick ruche of satin ribbon, an inch and a half in width. The baby bodice, of drawn chiffon, had rosettes of chiffon, interspersed with hanging jet ornaments for trimming. As for Miss Peel, the Speaker's daughter, I should imagine that her costumes came in for a special share of admiration and notice, for they were wonderfully successful and effective. A dinner dress of white and silver brocade



DINNER GOWNS FOR THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

dressess which she had made for this particular occasion. So, without further loss of time, let me initiate you also into their beauties. The place of honour belongs by right to the two beautiful dinner-gowns for the hostess, the Marchioness of Londonderry, of which, by her kind permission, I am able to give you sketches. Simplicity of style is the keynote of both dresses, though, for rich beauty, as regards fabric, they could not well be excelled. The first has a perfectly plain and slightly-trained skirt of white moiré antique, brocaded with great single iris flowers, which gleam like silver when the light falls upon them. The bodice, too, is of the brocade, the huge puffed sleeves finished at the elbow with bows of white satin ribbon, while the décolletage is softened by full folds of embroidered crêpe de Chine, a twist of which also outlines the waist. Altogether a gown eminently calculated to set off Lady Londonderry's regal beauty to the very best advantage. The other dress is also of moiré antique, but this time in a lovely shade of buttereup-yellow, and minus any brocaded design. At each side of the skirt in front is let in a small pointed panel of white satin, bordered with cascades of beautiful old point d'Alençon family lace, which is caught together at the top in a rosette, fastened by a diamond buckle. The same costly lace appears again in butterfly form in the front of the bodice, which is folded round the figure in very becoming fashion, the sleeves consisting of a large puff of the yellow moiré, finished with a deep shirred band of white satin, terminating at the elbow.

Then one of the evening gowns for Lady Helen Stewart, Lady Londonderry's daughter, was of ivory-white satin, the folds of the bodice drawn up into the centre of the corsage, and fastened there with two tiny

had the bodice trimmed with festoons of pearls and iridescent beads, which really formed a zouave arrangement, which was as pretty as it was novel. Round the waist there was a sash of broad white satin ribbon, forming two rosettes at the back, from which the long ends fell to the bottom of the skirt, and there was a berthe of crêpe de Chine, caught on the shoulders with big satin bows. A really lovely day dress was in a silky French material in black and crimson, in a curious wave-like pattern. The very full plain skirt was simply finished at the foot by a thick black silk cord, while the bodice, of crimson satin, had the overhanging fulness in front caught in by a waistband of velvet in the same rich colour, the yoke being outlined with bands of handsome jet sequin embroidery, and the plain, tight-fitting back almost covered by an elaborate design, also carried out in sparkling sequins. Over the shoulders fell a large square collar of velvet, outlined with jet, and the draped collar-band was also in velvet, the huge sleeves being of the material. As you may imagine, it was a strikingly beautiful dress. Mrs. Craig was also responsible for a delightful tea-gown for Miss Peel, which was fashioned of pale rose-pink crinkled chiffon—daintiest of materials—the full front held in at bust and waist by bands of ruby-red velvet, tied in smart, long-ended bows. It was made with a little pointed zouave of ruby-red velvet, with a high Medici collar, and over the shoulders fell a graceful drapery of filmy yellowish lace, touches of which were deftly introduced into the skirt. So now, thanks to Mrs. Craig, you can picture to yourself some of the gowns which graced Wynyard Park last week; and, though such a goodly number had all emanated from the same place, they were altogether dissimilar in style—but then that is Mrs. Craig's specialty, and I firmly believe that if

[Continued on page 725.]

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a hundred people, all dressed by her, were gathered together in one place, each one would have an entirely distinctive garment, specially calculated to suit her particular style and bring out every good point in her appearance. Truly, this is akin to genius.

"A GAY WIDOW'S" GOWNS.

I have just managed to feast my eyes upon the dresses in the new Court piece in time to pass on my impressions to you, so, as space is almost exhausted, let me rush at once into the subject, and tell you first about Miss Lottie Venne, who, as the "Gay Widow" of the title, has some delightful dresses. The first is of tea-rose yellow satin, brocaded with little bunches of tender blue forget-me-nots, each bunch encircled by a half-moon of yellow cowslips—one of the prettiest designs imaginable. The bodice has a full front of pink chiffon, and is further trimmed with some lovely yellowish lace, a cluster of pink roses being tucked into the waistband with exceedingly pretty effect. The brocade sleeves, too, are charming, turned back as they are at the wrist with pale pink velvet, to show a transparent cuff of the lace, and the costume is completed by a daring little jet bonnet, with outspreading and upstanding ears of grass-green velvet and a curled black osprey. Next comes a yellow bengaline dress, the skirt edged with a band of jewelled passementerie, while the bodice simply glitters with the same lovely trimming, which forms the square shoulder-capes and pointed corselet. The neck is softened by a touch of chiffon, tying in a bow in front, and the full, puffed sleeves are finished at the wrist with a touch of passementerie. In the second act Miss Venne has a very beautiful evening gown, which, however, is only on view for a few seconds. It is of brocade, the delicate pearl-grey ground shot with palest pink, and patterned with pink passion-flowers and green tendrils and leaves. There are cleverly-introduced touches of pink velvet in the bodice, which has a berthe of sequin-embroidered and jewel-studded net, a trail of flowers, red, yellow, and pink, being fastened at the left side. Miss Venne's last dress is of tan-coloured cloth, the bodice, with its smart little coat-tails at the back, having great sleeves, a deep, draped waistband, and a square collar of velvet in a darker shade of brown, the over collar and open coat-fronts being of the most elaborately-beautiful jewelled embroidery. Truly, the "Gay Widow" is fortunate in her choice of gowns.

Miss Eva Moore looks daintily lovely as the young bride in an ideal going-away dress of powder-blue cloth, the yoke and great bishop's sleeves being of the new moiré repp in white, outlined with bands of shimmering iridescent beads and sequins, while the waist is encircled by a band of the deepest purple velvet, set with large turquoises and opal-tinted stones, and edged with the same sequins. A very full cape of the cloth, edged with curled ostrich feathers (which also border the collar and shoulder-cape), and a picture hat of white beaver, trimmed with white plumes and white moiré ribbon, complete the costume. On her return from her honeymoon, in Act II., Miss Moore wears the same dress, with the addition of a sweet little bonnet of white moiré, sewn thickly with silver sequins, and trimmed at the back with a bow of blue ribbon and in the front with jet antennæ. She subsequently changes this for a dainty *robe de chambre* of white crêpon, lace-trimmed and held in to the figure in front by bands of white satin ribbon, and, again, for an evening dress of eau-de-Nil satin, folds and twists of white satin and falls of jewelled net appearing on the bodice, which is finished on the left shoulder by a cluster of lilac and one deep red rose. Last of all, in the third act, Miss Eva Moore wears a very smart black-and-white checked silk dress, with waistband, collar, and braces of turquoise-blue velvet, each finished with a diminutive rosette, a pretty, contrasting effect being given by a deep collar and shoulder-capes of creamy guipure.

A WONDERFUL SUITE.

I have just had my attention drawn by a friend who is engaged in the fascinating occupation of furnishing to a really wonderful bed-room suite, which she obtained at those huge premises which range from 198 to 212, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., and which bear the name of Atkinson and Co., and the best use I can make of the information is to pass it on to "those about to marry," and, instead of giving them *Punch's* famous but invariably-ignored advice, show them how to lay out eighteen guineas to the very best advantage, for this is the sum for which you can make the "Westminster" suite your own. It is carried out in satin walnut, which contrasts effectively with the Hungarian ash panels, and comprises a capacious wardrobe, with bevelled glass mirror down one side and cupboard and drawers on the other; a dressing-table of particularly graceful form; a washstand, with tiled back, fitted with a double set of toilet ware; a towel-horse; three chairs and an upholstered wicker chair; and a brass and black French bedstead, with excellent quality wire mattress, wool mattress, feather bolster and two feather pillows, all complete. If this is not good value for the money, I do not know what is, and wonderful as it sounds, even in words, it is much more so when you personally inspect the goods and see their excellent quality. Such a bargain as this will make most people eager to find more of a like nature, and I can promise them some very pleasant surprises if they send to Messrs. Atkinson for one of their illustrated catalogues, which is to be had for the asking, post free.

And now a word in your ear. The season of balls and dances and all manner of gaieties is once more close upon us, and it behoves us all to make preparations for a successful launching out into winter festivities. My first step in the right direction has been the purchase of a bottle of Aspinall's "Neigeline," that preparation which bids fair to become as famous as the world-renowned enamel, and which has been awarded the term of "most excellent" by Madame Patti. I told you all about it not

long since, and I daresay that by this time you have proved for yourselves how invaluable it is for making arms, neck, and hands of a wonderful velvety softness and a delightful whiteness, and absolutely hiding any and every blemish which might make the wearing of evening dress a trouble instead of a pleasure. If Aspinall's "Neigeline" is as universally used as it deserves to be, we shall all be spared the sight of the rough red arms and the sallow necks which are such unsightly objects in ball-room or theatre. And withal, it is absolutely harmless, and you can get it almost everywhere for 2s. 3d., 3s. 9d., or 6s. 4d. a bottle, or, if you prefer it, direct from Edward Aspinall, Gresse Street Works, Rathbone Place, W. It is an indispensable item in the armoury for the winter campaign, so it is fortunate that its price brings it within the reach of almost everyone.

A NEW ELECTRIC TEA-KETTLE.

Electricity, the fiery, untamed steed of earlier days, has been so thoroughly broken in by modern genius and enterprise that it has turned out to be a most tractable and steady-going domestic animal, whose uses are practically endless. An instance of the latest form which it has taken up for the comfort and convenience of modern sybarites is an electric tea-kettle, brought out, as are so many of the most



notable novelties of the day, by the famous firm of Mappin and Webb, of 158, Oxford Street, to whose inventive genius there seems to be no limit. Imagine, please, a gracefully-shaped and capacious kettle either in silver or in the well-known Prince's plate, resting on a small stand, to which is affixed a flexible electric wire, which can be attached in a second to any connection in a room lighted by electricity. This being done, you wait for a longer or shorter time, as the case may be, and then tilt the kettle of boiling water forward—you have not even the trouble of lifting it—disclosing an electric lamp in the stand, which fits into a specially-constructed hollow in the bottom of the kettle. If you want to boil cold water in about ten minutes, a lamp of fifty-candle power is necessary; but for the ordinary purposes of keeping the water hot for afternoon tea, one of sixteen-candle power is amply sufficient. Is not this an altogether fascinating arrangement? Indeed, it seems to me that no one whose house is fitted with electric light—and it is surprising to find how largely it is being adopted nowadays—should consider the installation complete unless they are also provided with one of Mappin and Webb's electric kettles. Their absolute cleanliness and daintiness, combined with their simplicity, are alone sufficient to make them widely popular; and then an additional recommendation is to be found in the fact that the prices are practically the same as for ordinary kettles, ranging upwards from six pounds (the sum for which the kettle which is illustrated is obtainable), while electric coffee-pots or hot-water jugs commence at five pounds. Who would not, for so moderate an outlay, enjoy so much luxurious comfort? and, indeed, there is also something so pretty and fascinating about these electric kettles that they are lifted far above ordinary commonplaceness, and invested with a particular and perfectly unique charm, which is likely to be extended in the course of time to other articles besides kettles, though the further development of this ingenious method of electric heating may, with perfect confidence, be left in the hands of Messrs. Mappin and Webb. In the meantime, take the kettles with which they have provided you, and enjoy them to the full, and when you have looked after yourselves utilise this novelty for wedding presents. If possible, you should call in and see it in working order at 158, Oxford Street.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 20, 1894.

The shadows of a dying Czar and a half-dead Ameer have hung like a funeral pall over the Stock Exchange, and indeed the whole City, this week; the chances of trouble in two quarters so closely connected as Russia and Afghanistan coming at the same time have been enough to check any inclination to speculation.

Money continues cheap, and is likely to remain so, which is quite sufficient to cause the price of Consols and other high-class investment stocks to remain at an abnormally high level, but we cannot believe that it will be a paying speculation to buy at ruling prices for remunerative investment.

Home Rails have suffered a good deal, and selling has predominated without any material support coming from holders or the general public. It is becoming abundantly clear that, although traffic increases are very considerable, the total of 1892 will be reached in very few cases, and upon the whole we agree with the prevailing sentiment that in the majority of cases the ordinary stocks of most Home lines are quite high enough for the risks which investors have to run.

Nowhere has the speculative movement of the last two months been more completely killed by the late war scare and the present unsatisfactory European outlook than in the Yankee market, where traffics, except in the case of the South-Western roads, show decreases by comparison with last year's Chicago Exhibition returns. There has been a considerable amount of "bear" selling, based on the supposed short grain crop and the abnormal price of all the staple products, such as cotton and wheat; but holders, while refusing to support the markets, have not been inclined to part with their stocks. For a short time last week the statement published on authority as to the Louisville floating debt had a good effect, but this has not been maintained. Remarkable results are being shown by the Denver and Rio Grande road, and since July the earnings have risen by over 200,000 dollars, showing that even Colorado is recovering from the silver collapse, which was at one time expected to depopulate the State. Although Sir Rivers Wilson has accepted the mission which will practically make him the representative of the European share and bond holders, the price of Central Pacifics has fallen considerably; but as this is due to financial embarrassments in Holland you must not suppose, dear Sir, that the chances of a satisfactory arrangement are any worse than they were a week or two ago. The reduction of the Baltimore and Ohio dividend was a shock to the holders of sound Yankee Railway shares, and was, of course, followed by a sharp decline in price, but the diminution of gross receipts would have led to the belief that the net earnings had suffered even more than has been the case, so that, if the dividend has really been fairly earned, as the directors declare, we consider the stock by no means a bad investment.

Canadian Pacific shares, despite more favourable returns than most people expected, have, in the last fortnight, had quite a severe drop.

We congratulate you, dear Sir, on the splendid return for your money you have received from the Aërated Bread Company and the improved price of the shares, which, as you know, were, when lower prices ruled a few months ago, a favourite industrial investment of ours. We hope the policy of extension will be pursued in a cautious and conservative manner. The risks of music halls as investments have had an object-lesson in the case of the Empire, but when the matter comes before the full County Council, we hope the absurd decision of the week before last will be reversed. Should, however, the Chants and other faddists carry their point, there is no doubt considerable advantage will result to the Alhambra, whose shares have already risen a trifle. We wonder if the majority of the Licensing Committee have had the audacity to operate in advance?

The Uruguay remittances come forward with great regularity, and the general state of the republic would justify a considerable rise upon the present market price of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ bonds, the demand for which will largely increase when the purchases on account of the sinking fund begin.

Mexican stocks have been steady, and, for a security returning about $9\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. at present prices, we know of very few better investments. You ask us, dear Sir, to give you some idea of the meaning and scope of the conversion of the internal floating debt and railway bonds, which, under the law just passed, is about to consolidate the financial position of the republic. It is very difficult to do this within the limits of a letter, but, briefly, we may say that the whole of the floating debt and the numerous series of bonds which have from time to time been issued in respect of various railway subventions may at the option of the holders be converted into 3 per cent. or 5 per cent. internal bonds at prices which will reduce slightly the claims for interest, but will enable those holders of at present unsaleable securities to obtain a marketable stock. The conversion is voluntary, will consolidate and not increase the burden of the country's present debts, and should prove an advantage both to the Mexican treasury and the holders of its miscellaneous securities.

The Buffelsdoorn profits are now close upon what we told you they would reach, while the Van Ryn position, as well as the price of the shares, is improving steadily. The market tip is Consolidated Goldfields, whose dividend is expected to be three shillings, and whose holdings in the best Rand ventures is daily improving in value. The shares are certainly cheap at about $2\frac{5}{8}$, when we remember that it is not so many years ago that they were nearly £6 each, and we think you would do well to buy at present prices. Meyer and

Charlton are also a good investment, although they are twenty shillings a share dearer than when we bought your present holding a few months ago, while, for a speculation, you might purchase a few Champ d'Or deeps at 20s., New Chimes, or Clewer Estates. The cry from Western Australia is of more properties for sale, and more prospectuses to be advertised; but, seriously, it is, for the present, time to cry a halt. No doubt there are some astonishing reefs in Coolgardie, but while we freely admit that some of the mines recently floated will probably turn out well, you may depend upon it that a large number will be failures. The old game of making markets has been very common, and in the majority of cases the shares are unsaleable after allotment. Among the prospectuses going round, and which will see the light shortly, we may mention Mount Minnie, Bayley's Extended, and the Coolgardie Central. We are glad you got an allotment of Kinsellas, which we recommended at the time of issue, and concerning which favourable reports are reaching us from reliable sources. The market expects an improvement in Wentworth gold, but Broken Hill proprietary shares have been very flat, on heavy selling from Australia. It is said that the sulphide ores are causing considerable anxiety to the managers, but, at any rate, somebody has been unloading.

We are to be treated to a new Nitrate Company during the coming week, of which we hear good accounts; and an issue of £150,000 5 per cent. A Debentures of the Trustees Corporation will be shortly at about 98. The security for these debentures is so absolute (as you will see when the prospectus appears) and the interest so tempting that they should prove a boon to the large and increasing section of the public who are always trying to combine safety with a reasonable return for their money. By-the-by, the shares of the Corporation are now at 27s. 6d. buyers, and you have already a good profit on the purchase we made for you not long ago at 17s. 6d.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE BANK OF MAURITIUS, LIMITED.—This concern is offering 15,000 shares of £10 each for subscription. It may do well, but hitherto Mauritius has proved the grave of banks which were doing good business elsewhere, and we feel confident investors will be wise to wait and see how the company gets on before rushing after its shares, which will probably be purchasable below par (as in the case of most new banks) before a sound business is acquired.

THE LAND MORTGAGE BANK OF VICTORIA is issuing £304,555 $4\frac{1}{2}$ debenture stock to replace terminable debentures. The trust deed seems to be constructed to protect the debenture-holders, and, while we confess we should not be purchasers of the stock from choice, it is a fair enough investment.

THE CHEQUE BANK, LIMITED.—This Bank, which is pretty well known, and the convenience of which is gradually becoming recognised, is inviting subscriptions for 73,000 ordinary shares and offering for sale 25,000 founder's shares. We consider the investment a good one, especially in the case of the founder's shares, which, being fully paid up, are free from liability. There can be no doubt that under the new management the Cheque Bank is doing well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JERSEY.—Thank you for your letter. We hope our reply has reached you.

W. S.—Thanks. Let us know if you find the firm satisfactory.

GAMMA.—(1) We advise no dealings. (2) Ditto. (3) Perfectly bona fide. All such operations are risky, but the firm in question conduct their business in an honest way. (4) No; we advise you to mistrust brokers who do business on such terms. It may sound all right, but you will find it, in the end, far more expensive than the recognised method.

EBOR.—Percy Barclay and Co. are among the worst outside touts. To describe them as vulgar swindlers would be flattery. Only ten days ago they pleaded the Gambling Act in answer to a client's claim for the return of his cover.

ULSTER.—The bonds you mention are what they profess to be, but you have no doubt paid too much for them. We send you privately the name of the firm you want who will watch the drawings and collect the money if you ever get a prize. Our last week's notes will have explained exactly what we think about the firm from whom you bought your bonds.

D. S.—Thanks for the enclosures. We do not think the securities the best of their class. We have sent you privately the name of the firm you want; if you write to them they will tell you of far better bonds, and quote you the proper market price.

A. J. F.—(1) We do not recommend Broken Hill Proprietary shares just now. (2) Mayer and Charltons, or Nigels, might suit you. (3) Most of the Western Australian mines have no market after allotment. (4) Don't touch Great Boulder or Empress of Coolgardie. If you want a cheap mining speculation, read this week's Notes.

BRISTOL.—Aërated Bread shares are a good industrial investment. Don't touch Crisp and Co.'s shares or debentures at present prices. United States Brewing Company's debentures are a good 6 per cent. investment, as are the preference shares, to pay over 8 per cent. The insurance company you name is quite safe; indeed, we know of none better.

SAMBA.—Comply with our rules and we will answer your questions.

J. H.—(1) Not a bad speculation at anything below 50. (2) Good for a lock-up. (3) Anything like a revival in the Yankee market would make this a good purchase.

A. E. B.—See foot-note to this column.

NOTE.—We wish to remind correspondents that we cannot recommend brokers or dealers in lottery bonds in this column, and that for private answers the fee is five shillings.